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TWELVE MONTHS

IN THE BRITISH LEGION.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE NINTH REGIMENT.

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THOMAS CURSON HANSARD, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

PREFACE.

It was the author's habit during his absence in Spain, to write home accounts every week or fortnight of anything new and striking that fell under his observation in the course of his wanderings. On his return to England, the idea occurred to him of re-writing these notes, so that without omitting any of the first impressions as rapidly delineated in the intervals of repose from duty, they should be worked up into a continuous narrative, not so much of the events of the campaign as of his personal adventures during that period. It would have been useless for him to attempt to give a military history of the proceedings of the British Legion, and to confine himself solely to the details of manœuvres and actions,

—such a task was less fitted to one who filled a subordinate situation in the service, and whose opportunities of gaining information on military movements were but few, than to many other officers of superior rank and experience, who as commanders of battalions and brigades were necessarily conversant with the projects of the Lieutenant-General. He thought, therefore, that to give a personal account of what he himself saw, and did, and felt, with as much of military tactics as came within the scope of his intelligence and observation at the time, would prove more interesting to the reader, and perhaps give a better idea of the nature of the service, than a history in imitation of that style of which Cæsar is the founder and Napier a disciple.

Since the following pages were written, events of much importance have taken place in the Peninsula. The Constitution of 1812 has been proclaimed, and Cordova compelled

by sudden flight to save himself from the consequences of his treachery. Now that Spain enjoys a free and constitutional government, and that her armies are no longer held in bondage by the artifices of a traitorous chief, we may be permitted to hope that in native swords and native ranks will be found the zeal and courage to trample down the rebellion of bigotry and priestcraft.

In conclusion, it may be observed of the work now presented to the reader, that it has been the author's aim throughout to write a faithful statement of events as they took place, and to give an unvarnished description of all that met his eye or struck his fancy during the twelve months that it was his good fortune to see service in the British Legion. A few circumstances contained in the original journal have been omitted, and several others abridged; but the spirit of the whole, it is hoped, has been preserved, and the maxim of Cervantes

seldom if ever lost sight of—"*La abundancia de las cosas, aunque sean buenas, hace que no se estimen; y la carestía, aun de las malas, se estima en algo.*"

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TWELVE MONTHS IN THE BRITISH LEGION.

CHAPTER I.

Arrival at San Sebastian.—Good Reception of the Inhabitants.—Spanish Flea.—Effects of Bounty-Money.—Removal to the Convent of San Francisco.—Paseo.—Alguaziles.—Chapelgorris.—General Jauregui or El Pastor.—Spanish Family.—Tertulia.—Plaza Nueva of San Sebastian.—Description of the Convent.—Basques.—Dress of the Peasantry.—Dinner to the Officers of the 1st Regiment.—Ball to the Inhabitants.

On the 10th of July, 1835, the Royal Tar, steam-vessel, having on board the first division of recruits of the British Auxiliary Legion of Spain, cast anchor in the Bay of San Sebastian. It was the first body of that force that set foot in the country, and San Sebastian had been chosen for its landing, as being a town of con-

siderable magnitude, and, on account of the healthiness of the climate and the good disposition of the inhabitants, the best adapted for the purposes in view.

It was to the great joy of every one on board that, early in the morning, we discerned the bold headlands of Spain stretching away to the east and west till lost in the blue dimness of distance, while peak above peak of rugged mountains raised their crests as far as the eye could reach into the interior. The first impression on seeing them in the morning, was, that they were clouds resting in broken masses on the horizon, and it was not till we neared the shore, and could distinguish the waves breaking on the beach, that the illusion was dispelled.

A large lighthouse standing on a lofty eminence, marked the entrance to the Bay, which on near approach became visible, with the Castle of San Sebastian on its seemingly impregnable height, and the small island of Santa Clara, that appears to be purposely placed where it is, to stop up the mouth of the harbour

against all aggression both of winds and waves. Not a house, however, was to be seen, till on rapidly passing the narrow outlet and turning a corner to our left, the town of San Sebastian, with its steeples and battlements, suddenly started into view, snugly basking on the sunny side of the huge mountain that shelters it from the sea and protects it from all attack on land. As the anchor plunged into the water, a peal of artillery from the Castle, answered by the universal clashing of church-bells in the town, saluted the arrival of the 1st Regiment in Spain.

While making arrangements for landing the men, boats of every size and denomination, filled with men, women, and children, put off to view us more closely. Bright-eyed beauties in their dark *mantillas;* fierce and wild-looking soldiery in grey coats and round scarlet caps; peasants in their picturesque brown cloaks and broad *sombreros;* Basque market-women with jars of milk, butter, and fruit,—all crowded round the vessel, eyeing us with the greatest curiosity, and every now and then sending forth

a cry of *Viva!* which was caught by the crowd on the quays, and re-echoed by the groupes collected on the castle-height.

After all that had been said and sung of Spanish women, the first black *mantilla* seen fluttering in the breeze, with the blacker locks that flowed under it, and the large bright eye that darted upwards its scrutinizing glance, were things that excited the greatest interest on board; and eager to display our knowledge of their language, we addressed the fair strangers with all the expressions of politeness that could be invented or picked out of the conversation-books. I remember making the circuit of the vessel to keep up with the small boats that rowed slowly round, and exhausting my whole stock of Spanish on two very pretty girls who had ventured themselves on the waters to have a nearer view; and great was their astonishment on hearing the words "*A sus pies de ustedes, señoritas!*" from the mouth of a tenant of the vessel.

The men, to the number of four or five hundred, were speedily embarked in the large

sardineras that collected for the purpose, and boat after boat entered the zig-zag, land-locked quays of San Sebastian, the battlements of the over-hanging walls swarming with fair dames who waved their handkerchiefs and fans, while two splendid military bands, stationed in one of the bastions, played the beautiful air, the Hymn of Riego, and the whole shore up to the gates of the city, glittering with military uniforms and gorgeous trappings, resounded to the cry of *Viva Isabel Segunda!* and the wild cheering of our men.

It was a day and scene worthy of the ancient times of romance and Spanish chivalry. The sky was cloudless, and the sun showed all the distant hills that formed a crescent round the town, in distinct outlines, while the blue surface of the bay was unbroken save by the splash of oars as the barges containing the men rowed slowly to and fro,—and all around were sounds of joy and welcome and gratulation. But even then, in that moment when the eye was tempted to see every thing *couleur de rose*, as if to show of what the romance of life was

composed, I had hardly been ten minutes on land before a piercing bite on the wrist recalled my wandering wits from a sense of the sublime to the ridiculous, and turning up the cuff of my coat—a flea, a Spaniard, whose like was never seen in England, hopped away with a Gilpin Horner bound, and gave me a foretaste of what I was doomed to suffer from his kindred. A disagreeable suspicion crossed me at the time, that Spain was not the cleanest of all lands in this respect—and woeful experience subsequently proved it to be not unfounded.

Each company as it landed, formed on the quays, and preceded by a Spanish band marched to their quarters at the convent of San Telmo, close to the mouth of the little river Urumea, on the east side of the town, where long rooms were prepared for the men, with rows of beds, each with its little pillow and white sheets, awaiting those who for the greater part of their lives had probably slept upon nothing better than straw. Our men surrounded by these unusual comforts, and chinking the two

pounds of bounty-money in their pockets, speedily began to enjoy themselves; but although a few instances of drunkenness occurred as might be expected, their behaviour on the whole was not such as to expose the inhabitants to annoyance; and the barrack-gates being closed, the more refractory were kept within bounds until the influence of their indulgence had passed off.

It would have been well if in all following regiments the example had been copied. The 1st Regiment, in consequence of their good behaviour, became great favourites with the natives, who conferred upon them the enviable title of *nuestro primero*, or "our first," and after our removal from San Telmo to the convent of San Francisco, a short distance out of the town, every feast-day or Sunday afternoon the inhabitants used to turn out in crowds to pay us a visit, and remark our progress in manœuvring.

A beautiful *paseo* or promenade, shaded with trees on each side, which was close to the convent, had long been deserted in consequence of

the proximity of the Carlists, who were in the habit of advancing close to the gates of the town and firing at all they met. On our entering the convent, however, the Carlists retired considerably into the interior, and the farther end of the walk being protected by a strong picket of *Chapelgorris*, the ladies of San Sebastian once more ventured to throng their favourite promenade, while we, on our side, always contrived to finish our drill in time to meet them and converse with our acquaintance.

A pretty sight enough it was, the little *paséo* of San Francisco on a bright summer's evening, with the dark figures of the women passing and repassing in groupes of three and four, while the scarlet uniforms of the British came in like the bright touches of colour in a painting, to break the general duskiness of the scene, and give variety to the whole. Here on the green-sward, to the sound of a tambourine and castanets, might be seen a knot of peasant girls and sturdy muleteers dancing a bolero, while the musician of the party accompanied the notes of an old twangling guitar with a wild

and monotonous song bearing some allusion to the dance; a little further on, a tall priest in his black robes and canoe-shaped hat, or an old friar in sackcloth and grey, with a twisted cord round his waist, walked quietly along enjoying the freshness of the evening breeze; and there again in a corner stood a couple of *alguaziles* or constables, in the chivalrous costume of former times, with a broad wide-spreading hat and love-locks, cavalier fashion; a large white lace collar and Vandyke ruffles; a short black cloak hanging over one shoulder, short-kneed breeches and black stockings, with shoes and silver buckles. Such was the striking costume of the *alguaziles* of San Sebastian, and I observed the like in no other town in Spain. I remember causing two young *señoritas* of my acquaintance to laugh excessively at my simplicity in taking off my hat to one of them, imagining him to be some high dignitary of church or state. "*No son mas que alguaziles!*"—"They are nothing but constables—Bow-street officers! and to make them a bow!"—it tickled their fancy exceedingly

One of the most striking features of San Sebastian was the presence of the sort of half-wild soldiery who go by the name of *Chapelgorris* or Red Caps, in allusion to that characteristic part of their dress. A body of volunteers raised at the beginning of the civil war in the province of Guipuzcoa, they are equivalent to the *Peseteros* of Navarre, and the *Carabineros* of other parts of the country. Being mostly natives of Guipuzcoa, they possess the same knowledge of the country, with the warlike habits and activity of the Carlists themselves, by whom they are held in considerable dread. They form a battalion of between seven and eight hundred strong, officered chiefly by Basques, and for the time being are considered as a regular corps and paid accordingly, being liable to be disbanded as soon as their services are not required. A number of French, Belgians, and foreigners of different nations, are in their ranks, and in consequence of this motley assemblage, together with the rough character of the men, and the loose discipline to which they are subjected, the Chapelgorris are looked

upon as people not to be trifled with, and who if not accommodated to the utmost in matters of pay and rations, are not slack in helping themselves at the expense of their neighbours. A reputation of this sort causes them to be looked upon with great fear by the inhabitants of the villages, who infinitely prefer having a dozen of the regular troops quartered upon them to one Chapelgorri; and their known gallantry in the field and activity in skirmishing render them formidable in the eyes of the Carlists, who give no quarter to those that fall into their hands.

The Chapelgorris are armed and accoutred in the manner best adapted for the country in which they have to act; their usual dress being a long grey capote, with a red cap or *beret* on the head; a small canvass bag slung at the back to contain a day's ration; a long ammunition-belt fastened round the waist, with a number of tin tubes in a row for separate cartridges; the bayonet hung at the side or in front, and a light Spanish musket or carbine slung over the shoulder. In full dress they

wear a high cylindrical shako of the same colour as the cap, and used formerly to display a good deal of barbaric splendour in their blue jackets embroidered with yellow lace, and studded with silver bells and ornaments; but since they were attached to the Legion, they have adopted the British uniform, and are now Red-coats as well as Red-caps.

The first time I saw these fellows to advantage was one evening at San Francisco, when a party of them, returned from a chace in the mountains, came rushing past our convent, hot and excited with the recent skirmish, their smoky carbines slung over their shoulders, and uttering wild "hurrahs!" in compliment to the English, intermingled with curses loud and deep against the *perros*, who had led them such a dance over the hills.

General Jauregui, or El Pastor, to whose division, as being their compatriot, the Chapelgorris always belonged, was in San Sebastian at the time of our arrival, and used frequently to be seen leading them into the mountainous country for a skirmish with the Carlist out-

posts. He is a short, punchy man, with large black whiskers, and an open, good-humoured cast of countenance, and is celebrated throughout the province for having the handsomest *querida* and the finest horse in Guipuzcoa. The former I never had the good fortune to see; but his horse, a beautiful Andalusian, was the admiration of every body as it pranced proudly in front of a battalion, tossing its crest into the air, and covering its broad and glossy chest with spots of foam. This horse was looked upon with a kind of reverence by the Chapelgorris, who were fond of relating anecdotes of its prowess and sagacity. On one occasion during a halt on a march, being tied to a tree, it contrived to get loose, and galloped through the battalion without upsetting a single pile of arms or treading upon the men, who were lying on the ground encouraging its pranks and making it gambol about in the midst of the muskets, till Jauregui himself came up, and calling to the horse, led it back to the tree.

Gaspar de Jauregui is the son of peasants

residing near Tolosa, and in his youth his employment was that of a shepherd, whence his surname of El Pastor. Having entered the army as a private soldier, he rapidly passed through the grades of corporal and sergeant, and gained his commission, after which on account of his superior intelligence and activity, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. A sincere Liberal, and an honest man, Jauregui would long since have obtained a higher command, did not the pitiful jealousy of a Court in which the accidents of birth are held in greater esteem than the weight of merit, stand in his way as the son of a shepherd, and deprive him of that which it confers upon a worthless favourite. Beloved by his army, who look upon him as one of themselves, he is feared by the enemy as a man whose honesty and talents would put an end to the war, had he the sole direction of affairs; and his kindness of disposition causes him to be regarded by the peasantry of his neighbourhood as their best friend, to whom to apply for assistance and ask advice. He

is generally to be seen walking in the streets with three or four peasants or *boyeros* accompanying him, and seldom makes much show of power or splendour. These circumstances led the cigar-smoking dandies of Cordova's staff, to look upon him as one below their notice, at the same time that they hovered about the man whose incapacity and treason were wasting the resources of one of the finest countries in the world.

During my first stay at San Sebastian, I had a good opportunity of observing the domestic habits and manners of a Spanish family. I and another officer of the same regiment were lodged in the *Calle Mayor*, one of the best streets in the town, at the house of an old widow-lady who had two daughters, one about twenty, and the other fifteen—both pretty and good tempered. They generally rose at about eight or nine o'clock, making a slight breakfast of toast and chocolate served up in small earthen cups little bigger than thimbles, which, without any of the form and ceremony of an English breakfast, was dis-

cussed standing or sitting, or walking from one room to another, as their business might lead them. After this the old lady retired to her room, while her daughters worked in the *sala*, embroidering a new mantilla and hearing me read aloud a page or two of Gil Blas or Don Quixote. At one, the family sat down to dinner, which was something in the French style, though perhaps more frugal; consisting chiefly of a little fish, with beans and peas cooked in divers ways; after which the embroidery and the Gil Blas were continued as before until the cool of the evening, when the girls sallied forth to the *paseo*, or the great square, in all the splendour of flowing mantillas and fluttering fans. At ten, the supper was served, being in fact a second dinner; and exactly as the clock struck eleven, the whole family rose and bid us "*Buenas noches.*"

Such was the even tenour of their way, except on Sundays or feast-days, of which last in Spain there is often more than one in a week, when the whole family donned their best and went to mass, spending the rest of

the day in making visits and taking the air out of doors.

At the time I arrived, they happened to be in mourning for the death of a relative, and did not frequent any of the *tertulias* or soirées given in the town; but they introduced me to several people, who being invited themselves, made no scruple in taking me with them, and presenting me to the host or hostess as a friend. This was so common a custom, and so little taken notice of, that I often availed myself of the kindness of two young *estudiantes*, who knowing most of the families in town, offered to take me to their evening parties.

I was present at one at the house of a wealthy inhabitant of San Sebastian, to which General Chichester, and several other superior officers both Spanish and English, were invited. There was plenty of talking, playing on the piano, singing, and dancing quadrilles and waltzes, with a due admixture of *groseille*, *fleur d'orange*, and *eau sucrée*, after which the

company took leave of the lady of the house, and retired about eleven o'clock.

The town of San Sebastian is the most modern of any I have seen in Spain. When taken by the English in 1813, the whole of the old town was burnt to the ground, with the exception of a few houses near the great church, which escaped the conflagration. Since then it has been rebuilt, and the houses, generally speaking, are better and more commodious, the streets wider, and the style altogether more massive and regular than in most Spanish towns. In the centre is the Plaza Nueva or square, which is of considerable extent, with arches or cloisters running round the four sides. The Corporation House or *Casa del Ayuntamiento* of the city, fills up the whole of the side to the north, and is a very fine building, having an inscription on the front face, to the purport that the first stone was laid by the august hands of Fernando VII. The remaining sides are occupied by private houses, which being all built on

one plan, with shops of various kinds lining the arcades, give the whole a look not unlike the square of the Palais Royal in Paris — especially when filled with groupes of gay ladies and *caballeros* promenading under the arches and traversing the area.

The Convent of San Francisco in which we were quartered, was about half a mile outside the town, on the other side of the river Urumea, and appeared to me of great extent, though a Spaniard told me that it was "*uno de los mas pequeñitos de España,*" — one of the smallest in Spain. The exterior, like that of most Spanish buildings of any antiquity, was not very different from a barn, with tiled roof and overhanging eaves; but the interior was pretty enough, being arranged in the form of a square with cloisters, and a small garden inside abounding with roses in full bloom, and fine hydrangias grown wild. There was something melancholy, I thought, when our noisy soldiers burst into the place, hurrying up and down the stairs and corridors, and startling the quiet abode of Monks

from its ancient state of peacefulness and repose.

In less than a week all the shrubs were trampled under foot, and the ground covered with shirts and pipe-clayed trowsers drying in the sun. A splendid vine, which grew up the iron grates of the window of an *Oratorio*, cooling the air that rustled among the tendrils, and through which

> "the only light came in,
> Tinged, as it entered, with the vine-leaves thin,"

I contrived to save, by pointing out to the occupant how cool and fresh it kept his room, while the others were smothering with the noonday heat.

Above the cloisters were long ranges of corridors and rooms of great extent, which held with ease the whole of our 1st Regiment, consisting of between seven and eight hundred men. When I enquired of the country people the number of monks who formerly dwelt there, they answered *about twenty*! "What use did they make of all these pas-

sages and rooms?" I asked somewhat in amaze. "Oh! they played at fives and blind-man's-buff in them"—was the reply. Certes, the reverend fathers were not badly off for house-room, and this was the case with most of the convents, I afterwards saw in the north of Spain. An immense one, called Corban, near Santander, which I have no doubt could quarter two or three thousand troops, was formerly occupied by thirty or forty old monks, who were turned out by the Liberals, and had gone some to France and some to the Carlists. The convents now stand desolate and alone, good for nothing but as barracks for soldiers.

A chapel of some size, and richly ornamented with gilded columns and altars, formed part of the convent. In this the priest of the parish performed mass every Sunday to the people of the neighbourhood, who used to come in parties of ten and twenty from different parts of the country. They were all of the labouring classes, and spoke nothing but Basque, which is universally

adopted by all classes of the inhabitants. The higher orders, of course, speak the Castilian which is the current language of the realm, as do most of the lower; but I have frequently met with Basques who could neither speak nor understand a single word of it.

While at the convent I used to breakfast at a *taberna* kept by a strapping Basque woman, with a long tail of hair plaited down to her heels, who was a curious instance of a native of Spain not understanding Spanish. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could get her to understand any of my wants except by signs, and when these failed I was obliged to repeat two or three of the principal substantives, putting all the verbs in the infinitive after her own broken fashion.

At this old Basque woman's I continued to breakfast the whole time of our stay at San Francisco, and generally by myself, as few of the officers condescended to frequent so small a *taberna*, especially after she committed the mistake of giving us a plateful of salt for white sugar to put into some mulled wine which a

party of us were concocting one night at her house. It was long before we could get her to discover her error, till making her taste a glassful of the intolerable mixture, she burst into a loud laugh, and ran to fetch double the quantity of sugar by way of corrective. All our endeavours to amend were fruitless, and the "harmony of the evening" being completely destroyed by this untoward event, most of the party took their departure declaring that they would never come again to a place where salt was given for sugar to put into mulled wine.

However, the old lady was so civil to me, and boiled my eggs to such a nicety, that I could not find in my heart to leave her, especially as she used to spread the table under a trellis-work of vines and luxuriant pumpkins, which formed a shade during the heat of the day. For a plentiful breakfast of eggs, wine, bread, and chocolate, with civility and good nature *à discrétion*, she used to charge somewhat less than a *peseta* (about a *franc*), and this in a town which might be said to be

beleaguered by the enemy, and where a great part of the provisions were brought from Bayonne by sea.

The dress of the country people is coarse and simple. The women generally wear their hair combed back and plaited in a long tail behind; a thick woollen petticoat, usually of a bright red or yellow, with short tight sleeves half way down to the elbow, and drawn closely round the waist, together with thick worsted stockings and leather sandals, fastened with thongs round the ancle, complete their attire.

The men wear a rough brown jacket, short-kneed breeches, bound round the middle with a red or blue sash, worsted stockings, and leathern buskins half way up the calf, fastened with small cords or thongs crossing one another like the red stripes on a Highlander's sock. During bad weather they invariably wear the large brown cloak, which falling over one shoulder in ample folds to the feet, produces a singular and picturesque effect, in addition to the broad-brimmed, high-

crowned hat, worn on one side like Cavaliers of old.

The labouring women seldom use the mantilla, this being the mark of a townswoman, or of a person of some rank in the village. The usual head-gear is a folded cotton handkerchief, thrown over the head and tied under the chin, or else simply wrapped round like a turban. Altogether the appearance of a groupe of villagers, as they turned out to see us march past, was not inelegant; and the olive complexion and large black eyes of the peasant girls, some leaning idly against a door-post twirling a spindle, and others bearing jars of water on their heads, made a very favourable impression.

A few days after our arrival at the convent, the British officers were invited to a grand dinner given by the Spanish officers of the different regiments of San Fernando, Oviedo, and Tolosa, at which General Jauregui presided. The large *sala* or hall of the Mansion House was splendidly decorated with flags of the four nations composing the Quadruple Al-

liance, and divers wreaths and festoons hung about the walls. The Spanish General sat at the top of the table, with General Chichester on his right and Colonel Kirby on his left, the places of the other officers being marked by cards red and blue placed on the plates, bearing the words "An English Captain," "A Spanish Captain," "An English Lieutenant," "A Spanish Lieutenant," &c. Thus each guest looked out for the place befitting his rank, and sat down without any trouble or mistake. A fine military band was stationed outside the hall at the head of the stairs, and played national airs during and after the dinner. The waiters were all girls of fifteen or twenty, dressed in white muslin, with their hair plaited in long tails behind, and were very neat-handed and active in their services at table. The dinner was very good and abundant, consisting chiefly of a great variety of hashes, stews, ragouts, and cutlets, with plenty of Claret, Malaga, and Sherry.

After the eating was over, a number of toasts were given both by Spaniards and Eng-

lish, all of which were followed by loud *vivas!* and "hurrahs!" each party striving to excel the other in making most noise. I was amused at the way in which the Spaniards gave their toasts, stringing together half-a-dozen things to be drunk in one glassful. "*A la libertad de España! à la salud de nuestra idolotradá Reyna! à la valiente nacion Inglesa! à los oficiales, sargentos, y soldados de la Legion Británica! al General Chichester y al Coronel Kirby! à la Quadruple Alianza!—Viva!* Hurrah! *Viva!* Hurrah!!"*

In spite of this wholesale method of drinking toasts, such was the patriotic enthusiasm of both parties, that when we rose to take leave, a few of us, it must be confessed, had some difficulty in keeping our feet. We, however, got home to the convent in pretty good order, with the exception of one or two of the

* "To the liberty of Spain! to the health of our idolized Queen! to the brave English nation! to the officers, sergeants, and soldiers of the British Legion! to General Chichester and Colonel Kirby! to the Quadruple Alliance!—*Viva!*"

youngsters, whom we were obliged to deliver up to the hands of the waiting-girls, who very good-humouredly put them to bed in one of the best rooms in the *Casa del Ayuntamiento*, and there tucked them in for the night.

A short time after this, we responded to the civility of the Spaniards by giving a grand ball and supper to the inhabitants of the town. Each officer invited the ladies of his billet, as well as all other acquaintances. I sent a card of invitation, duly directed, to my good old lady and daughters, but they did not accept it on account of being in mourning. In consideration of a little Spanish picked up before I came out, I was appointed one of the stewards, and wore in consequence a large sky-blue satin sash, as a badge of my dignity. I confess, however, that I did my duty ill, for during supper I felt so exhausted with the heat of the day, that instead of waiting on the *señoritas*, and seeing that they were duly provided with chickens' wings and ices, I fell asleep in the balcony, and staid there till they had left the table and made way for us to pick a bit. My sash,

however, I took home, and gallantly presented to the eldest of the sisters, who appeared much to approve of this mark of attention.

Thus concluded my round of gaieties in Spain. I became weary of this sort of thing, and withal too low in purse, in consequence of the irregularity of pay, to indulge much in balls and suppers afterwards. I think we each of us subscribed seventeen days' pay to this entertainment; but subsequently at Bilbao, when something of the kind was again attempted, I cried out with many others against this fresh assault on our pockets. Money was too scarce a commodity in the Legion to spend it all, as Sancho says, "in tarts and cheesecakes."

CHAPTER II.

Drilling and Formation of the Regiment—Excursions in the Hills—Arrival of General Evans from Santander—Skirmish of Hernani—Chapelgorri coolness—Position of the Troops—Retreat—Loss in Killed and Wounded—Tory attacks—Reception at Home.

DURING the time of these gaieties at San Sebastian the troops were kept hard at work at their drill, and were rapidly advancing to a state of good discipline and order. At the Convent of San Francisco we were regularly turned out every morning at five o'clock, drilled till nine, when the men were dismissed to their breakfasts, and again fell-in in the evening, after the heat of the day was over, for four or five hours more.

Those of the officers who had not served before were drilled with cross-belts and muskets, and one by one, as they acquired a fitting knowledge, were dismissed to their duties as officers.

After we had learned in some degree to act together as a body, we were frequently led out on long excursions into the hills, in order to inure the men to marching, and accustom them to the weight of their knapsacks and accoutrements, the roughest roads and steepest ascents being selected for the purpose. The very first march we took diminished the weight of our knapsacks one-half, for it was found utterly impossible to carry the usual number of shirts and blacking-brushes in a country so mountainous as that in which we had to act. Frequently going up a steep hill-side under a burning sun, I have seen a whole company sit down together, fanning themselves with their foraging caps, and actually gasping with heat and exhaustion. I have often thought since, that it was more through the blessing of Providence than our own ingenuity, that we were not attacked and murdered by the Carlists on some of these expeditions, as I am sure that a hundred active mountaineers would have knocked us on the head without much difficulty. For my part I have some-

times been so much overcome by heat and fatigue on these early marches, that I should have gone like a lamb to the slaughter, rather than take the trouble either to fight or run away.

Shortly after our removal to the convent, the 2nd Regiment occupied the old quarters of the 1st. at San Telmo, and were followed by the 3rd and 7th which arrived from Santander late in the evening of the 20th August, together with Lieutenant-General Evans and his staff. His arrival caused great joy and expectation among us, and nothing was thought of but the coming campaign.

The accounts received of the Carlists described them in a very reduced condition. The death of their great leader Zumalacarregui at the siege of Bilbao, had spread considerable alarm in the ranks of his party, and proportionate confidence in those of the Christinos. The siege of that important town had been raised in consequence, but the Carlist army under Eraso still threatened it, and cut off all communication with the sea.

It was accordingly thought that the British Legion would first come in contact with the enemy under the walls of Bilbao, but the reverse proved to be the case.

The little town of Hernani, about seven miles south of San Sebastian, was the place where we were first initiated into the mysteries of soldier-craft, and had the satisfaction of hearing and being exposed to shots fired in earnest.

Early on Sunday Morning, 30th August, 1835, just as I was turning out of my billet in full uniform, according to our custom on high days and holidays, I heard that a sally was expected, and that all the Spanish and English troops in San Sebastian, to the number of four or five thousand men, were about to make an attempt on Hernani. I immediately doffed all my feathers and lace, and equipping myself more suitably with a havresack, canteen, and telescope, started for the esplanade outside the town, where I found the regiments formed in close column, and " something like business" going on. A small howitzer, drawn

by seven or eight mules, was lumbering up the hill on the high road to Hernani, followed by a train of mules laden with barrels of ammunition, and stretchers for the wounded. The 1st, 3rd, and 7th Regiments (British) then commenced their march, preceded by the Chappelgorris and some Spanish troops of the line. Being Sunday, the road for a good way out of the town was lined with spectators, chiefly ladies, who fluttered their fans at us with an air of great agitation, and expressed their anxiety for some of the smooth unrazored subalterns by ejaculating the word "*pobrecito*" as they marched past. After one or two halts to rest the troops, we arrived at the foot of a hill where the Carlists were said to have erected a couple of batteries, which afterwards turned out to be mere barricades of stones, and were abandoned on the first attack.

The Spaniards of the line and Chappelgorris pushed forward with the bayonet, and after receiving two or three heavy vollies of musketry, drove the enemy from their position and pursued them into the plain below. Crossing

this hill, where, if the enemy had made a stand, a number of men would have been lost, the troops halted on a little *plateau* which afforded a good view of Hernani, situated in the midst of a plain with a small river flowing past it to the east. This, in my opinion, was the moment when the whole body of troops should have pushed forward and tumbled into the town pell-mell. The enemy were scattered among the hills playing at long shots, and did not seem aware of their danger until we approached, when battalion after battalion at the top of their speed might be seen crossing the bridge into the town—and then the chance was lost. The fact is, that our generals, and there were three of them, did not appear to have made up their minds whether they would attack the town or not, and having brought us in presence of the enemy, were irresolute whether to risk an encounter or to make the best of their way back. Of the three I am inclined to lay the blame on Alava, for Jauregui was not the man to prove slack in action, and General Evans must have been too fully

impressed with the importance of making a brilliant *début* with his Legion, to risk the chances of a retreat by not pushing forward. The responsibility of leading such raw troops against the enemy was evidently great, but the arguments for and against such an attempt, must surely have been weighed before he came into the field.

At that time no part of the British Legion had been formed above two months, and the greater portion had not been a fortnight in the country; but such were their spirits, that their bayonets would probably have carried them through any obstacle that such a force as then occupied Hernani could have presented. As it was, however, the precious moments were lost through the irresolution of General Alava, who, instead of making a rush at the town, ordered the British to pile arms and lie down on the *plateau*, while skirmishing parties of Chapelgorris and other Spanish troops were thrown in advance, for what purpose save that of wasting the Queen's ammunition no one ever could divine. The Carlists keeping these

troops in play, fired away with great vigour, and like a partridge decoying a boy from its nest, slowly retreated upon the hill of Santa Barbara considerably to our right of Hernani, when, finding themselves in strong ground, they turned sharply on their pursuers and held them at bay.

Upon this our howitzer was lugged up to the top of the *plateau* and commenced firing half-a-dozen shots at the church steeple of Hernani, but at such a distance that few of them took effect. A rocket was also attempted, but mismanaged, so that instead of blowing up the Carlists, it flew back among us, wounded the artillery-man, and put the whole line in jeopardy. This was the *coup de grace* to our expedition, and frightened the old Spanish General to such a degree, that he instantly determined on a retreat.

By this time, however, the Spanish troops were severely pressed by the enemy near Santa Barbara, and in danger of being driven back faster than was agreeable—thereby exemplifying to the mind of General Alava, the military saying

that, "it is an easy thing to take troops into the field, but not so easy to bring them out." The 1st Regiment was ordered to advance to their support, but strictly enjoined to keep undercover as much as possible, and not to fire a shot unless the position was attacked. Arrived at the foot of the hill defended by the Chapelgorris and other Spanish troops, each company under the enemy's fire had to dash up the ascent through a field of Indian corn, until sheltered by a long ditch and mound which ran along the summit.

The company I belonged to passed through this leaden ordeal with considerable success—one man had an eyebrow shaved off by a ball, and another shot struck the Lieutenant's scabbard just above the place where his hand grasped it and bounded off, after inflicting a dent in the steel. It was here I had an opportunity of observing the conduct of one of the Chapelgorris, and certainly the coolness and *sang froid* of the man was a sight worth seeing. He was a tall broad-chested man, dark and swarthy, and fierce with the powder that be-

grimed his mouth; his loose white trousers were tucked up to the knees, displaying a pair of brawny calves, and with his musket in his hand, and cartridge-belt round the waist, he stood erect in the midst of the bullets that showered around him from the opposite hill. First he took out a cartridge, bit off the end, and quietly shook a little powder into the pan, giving the piece a knock with the palm of the hand to make the priming enter well into the touch-hole, after which he loaded, looked long and steadily in front for an object and fired. Once his musket flashed—"*carajo!*" exclaimed he striking the lock with vehemence; the touch-hole was cleared with a pricker, the piece re-primed, and the shot sent whistling on its errand among the heights of Santa Barbara.

From the summit of the hill where we were stationed, I could overlook the country occupied by the contending parties, and saw it dotted over in a line of six or eight patches of smoke where the skirmishers were engaged. In our front, rose the hill of Santa Barbara covered with steep and conical rocks, behind which

were groupes of Carlists, the flashes of whose muskets broke every now and then like a streak of lightning through the smoke that overhung the ascent; a little to our left, on the plain below, was Hernani bristling with the glittering bayonets of the enemy, and about a quarter of a mile in our rear, was the hill with the two barricades, on which were drawn up in reserve the 3rd and 7th British Regiments.

Gradually the line of smoke edged away to our right, and it was evident that the enemy's purpose was to outflank us and cut off our retreat to San Sebastian. Upon this, the 1st Regiment, together with the Spanish skirmishers, were ordered to fall back upon the reserve, which was done amid the shouts of the enemy who, rushing from their hiding places, hung closely on the rear of the retiring line. Having descended the little eminence which had been occupied by us, it was found that one of our companies, not having heard or having mistaken the signal, still remained on the brow, and was in great peril of being cut off by the

enemy. The word was immediately given to face about, and after proceeding at double quick time up three parts of the hill, we lined the sides of a narrow lane, from which we opened a brisk fire, and for a moment kept the assailants in check.

This was the first time our company fired a shot, and though the balls whistled about pretty freely, little injury was inflicted on either side. One, however, hit a poor fellow of the company in the ancle, and sent him limping off the ground, and another struck, with an ugly crash, the musket of a soldier in front of me. It split the wood of the stock to pieces, and flattened itself against the barrel. After five minutes of this kind of work, we resumed the retreat, bringing off with us the straggling company, and closely followed by the enemy, who manned every post that afforded shelter, and kept popping away with the greatest pertinacity. The whole of the skirmishing parties having now joined the main body on the hill, about five or six o'clock in the evening, the retreat was commenced along the high road to San Sebastian.

The moment our general retrograde movement was apparent, it was curious to see with what fierceness the Carlists rushed out upon the rear of the column, running from one tree to another, and peppering us till close under the walls of San Sebastian. I could plainly perceive them in their white caps scampering over the hill-tops that skirt the high road on the left, waving their firelocks and pouring in an alternate volley of shot and abuse. "*Ah! perros! borrachos! ladrones!*—dogs! drunkards! thieves! Get back to England! go home! *Vayan ustedes con Dios*—embark again in your steamers—*carajo!*" At one time it was thought that they had got between us and the town, but we pushed steadily forward, and entered the gates of San Sebastian without meeting with any opposition.

The loss of the Spanish troops engaged in this affair, amounted to eighty-seven, and that of the British to thirty-five killed, wounded, and missing. Mr. Dade, surgeon of the 1st Regiment, was the only officer hurt in the Legion. He was in advance with the Grenadier

Company, lying under cover on his elbow, when a shot struck him on the shoulder, but although it penetrated to some depth in the flesh, it did not pierce the cloth of the jacket, and was accordingly extracted in the act of pulling off his dress. This fact was not ascertained till a day or two after the event, when on examining the sleeve of the coat, the cloth was found to be unbroken. A sergeant and private of the Grenadiers were shot dead while advancing on a fortified house occupied by the Carlists. The former was, I believe, a man of good family and education, of the name of Mill, and had been promised a commission in the service. The company afterwards being obliged to make a hurried retreat to join the reserve, it was found impossible to carry off the bodies of these two men, and the country people brought word the next day that the Carlists cut them up into six pound pieces, and marched into Hernani with the portions of human flesh sticking on the points of their bayonets. Oh! the civilization of the Tories' *protégés!*

A young volunteer of the 1st Regiment, Henry Cooper, distinguished himself in the action, and was promoted to an ensigncy on the field for his services. He afterwards got his lieutenancy, and fell in the action of the 5th of May, in storming the lines before San Sebastian. Captain Knight, General Chichester's Aide-de-camp, another gallant young man with whom I was intimate, was promoted for the courage he displayed in the action, and his humanity in bringing off a wounded man on his horse, when closely pursued by the enemy. This officer, also, was killed the year following in leading an attack on the lines, on the 5th of May.

Such was the action of Hernani, and great was our mortification at the "lame and impotent conclusion." The Carlists, of course, crowed immensely, and declared that they had utterly annihilated the Legion; the Tories at home circulated the falsehood, and the *Juste Milieu* of France declared, with that pomposity which belongs to their country, that "*la Légion Britannique était entièrement décréditée.*" As

if it told against the courage and discipline of the troops, that an old general had led them into the field and out again without allowing them to fight.

Both men and officers behaved with perfect steadiness, and the following day their General expressed himself highly satisfied with their conduct, which in troops so newly raised, was the more remarkable, and called forth the loudest praises from the people of the town and the Spanish regiments in the field.

I entered my billet late in the evening, after seeing the company safely quartered, and was received with acclamation by the old lady and her daughters. One of the girls, to be sure, quizzed us a little about our preparation for sleeping at Hernani, but the old lady, who had witnessed the storming of San Sebastian in 1813, took up our cause, and maintained that the Legion could never have been brought into actual contact with the enemy, or they would have killed and eaten every Carlist in Hernani; and, patting me on the shoulder, assured me "*poco a poco se va mejorando*,"

—"little by little, things will go on better." I bid them good night, and slept like a top, after all the scampering and skirmishing of the day.

CHAPTER III.

Departure for Bilbao—Portugalete — March to Bilbao—Convent of San Mames—Household Comforts—Deserters—"It's cocking I am!"—Affair of the 11th September—Removal to Bilbao—Description of the Town—Zumalacarregui—Spanish Breakfast—Marches in the Hills—Patrols.

THE departure of the Legion from San Sebastian for Bilbao took place a few days after the skirmish of Hernani. Our regiment embarked for Portugalete on the 5th of September, very much to every body's regret, for we had been well received and kindly treated during our stay at San Sebastian.

We had a favourable passage in a French Government steamer, and disembarked in the mouth of the river about eight o'clock the same evening. A part of the Legion had already arrived, and on crossing the bar we saw the red-coats in the hills skirmishing with the enemy. It was at first thought, that they

were merely at light infantry drill, but presently, by help of our glasses, we discovered the Carlists, as usual, posted behind the rocks and bushes, and firing every now and then at individuals. Hardly any mischief was done on either side, and few were severely wounded, except Captain Mac Neil of the 2nd Regiment, who received a shot through the calf of the leg.

Portugalete is a miserable little fortified town, at the mouth of the river that runs down from Bilbao to the sea; and on our arrival, we found neither beds, food, nor anything else wherewith to console ourselves. The place was crowded with troops, who had eaten up every scrap of provisions in the market, leaving their successors to feast as they might on air. With great difficulty I procured a little *aguardiente* from a Spanish soldier, for which I gave him two *pesetas* (francs), and after vainly attempting to find a lodging in conjunction with the captain of my company, we "wrapt our martial cloaks around us," and slept on the ground in front of the house

where the men were quartered, with a stone step for a pillow and a sharp flint running ruthlessly into our backs.

As hunger is the best sauce, so fatigue is the best feather-bed; and in spite of our uncomfortable situation we slept soundly till next morning, when we awoke ravenously inclined for something to eat, and turning the tables on our selfish predecessors, waylaid the market women early in the day, and laid in heavy stores of figs, grapes, bread, and milk, which they were taking to sell in the town. The whole of this day we spent in wandering disconsolately up and down the muddy lanes of Portugalete, seeking in vain to satisfy our carnivorous appetites with some meat, which, after the qualmish breakfast of fruit, would have been doubly acceptable, had there been such a thing as a spare ration in the town.

The day after this (Sept. 7th), about eight o'clock in the morning, the 1st Regiment accompanied by two battalions of Spanish infantry, commenced their march to Bilboa, taking the right or western bank or the river

while the rest of the troops took the left, for the purpose of clearing it of the enemy, and restoring the communication from Bilbao to the sea. It had been reported previous to leaving San Sebastian, that the Carlists had assembled in great force on both sides of the river, and were determined to dispute the passage, which they might have done with great advantage, as the Queen's troops were hemmed in by the water on one flank and a range of hills on the other, from whence an active enemy could have kept up a galling fire on the main road below. Great, therefore, was our surprise when the news came the night before our departure, that the Carlists had not only abandoned their positions on the line of march, but had also raised the siege of Bilbao and retired to some distance into the interior.

The road from Portugalete to Bilbao is eight miles, all of which we did in a soaking rain, the steep mountain-passes gushing with water, and the paths ancle deep in mud. Having heard so much of the battle and mur-

der expected on the march, I left all my heavy baggage in San Sebastian, taking nothing with me but a knapsack which I carried myself, and a carpet-bag in one of the gun-boats coming up the river. The rain fell in torrents, and by the fatality which attends on travelling luxuries, my waterproof cloak was carefully packed up in the carpet-bag, leaving my unhappy shoulders defended by nothing better than a shell-jacket against the pelting of the pitiless storm.

I was, of course, soaked to the skin, but by dint of sipping *aguardiente*, smoking cigars, and scampering from front to rear of the company to prevent straggling, I contrived to keep myself pretty warm to the end of the march, when I took a pair of dry socks out of my knapsack (I forgave it then for nearly breaking my back on the road), dried my jacket before the picquet-fire, and was comparatively warm and comfortable.

We were quartered in the convent of San Mames, on the banks of the river, a mile or two out of Bilbao, and took possession of the

building a few hours after the Carlists had left it. The rooms were still full of straw on which their men had lain, and the walls begrimed with names and sentences, the most conspicuous of which were *Viva el Rey*, *Muera Christina*, coupled with divers feminine epithets *malsonantes*. The court and garden of the convent were full of old monkish books kicking about, containing lives of all the saints and saintesses in the calendar, and which had been evidently used for making cartridges and other profane purposes. The only book of note I found among the heaps was an old Virgil, terribly dog-eared and clipt with scissors.

The convent is situated on a height surrounded with trees and overlooking the town, and is a place of considerable strength as a military position. The Carlists had fortified it with breastworks of timber and sod, which they had been in too great a hurry to destroy on their departure. At the foot of the hill of San Mames which descends into the river, was anchored H. M. brig Saracen, and all the way

up to the town, the banks are lined with straggling shops and warehouses, a good number of which exhibited English names and inscriptions.

On taking possession of the building, our first care was to put it into a state of defence in case of attack. The trees in the neighbourhood were felled and made into a stockade protecting the back entrance, while the windows were bricked up and loop-holed for musketry, as well as the garden walls. A small carronade lent by the Saracen was hauled up to the top of the steeple, and a heavy piece of artillery placed in the porch with stores of round shot, grape, and canister. A strong guard was mounted at the gate with sentries at different points of the grounds, and a picquet was thrown a few hundred yards in advance, near some straggling country houses which were occupied by a battalion of Spanish infantry. The 9th (Irish) occupied another convent between us and the town, while the regiment of San Fernando lined the opposite bank of the river, and the Scotch held a large

building on a hill to the east. Thus we soon put ourselves in a good state of defence, and were ready to give the enemy a warm reception in case he should think proper to attack us.

Our household comforts, however, were very few, and it might truly be said that we lived a life of mortification and penance in the convent. Not a bed was to be had beyond a little straw, which soon got so full of fleas that the floor was infinitely to be preferred. It was often my fate on those occasions to put in practice the old soldier's trick of pricking the boards with a fork, to find out the softest one to lie upon for the night.

The room in which I and my captain were quartered, would have presented a strange spectacle to a man suddenly transplanted from the haunts of civilized society. The walls were whitewashed, and the little square windows which through the exertion of some interest and ingenuity we had preserved from being bricked up, boasted of nothing but a pair of rickety window-frames, the glass of

which had long since departed. At one end of the room, in a dark alcove, was our straw, and at another stood a long bench, a three-legged chair saved from the burning of the picquet-fire, and a rude oaken table covered with bottles of wine, pipkins of water, and a rabble-rout of hair-brushes, shoe-brushes, tooth-brushes, tins of blacking, scraps of bread, rations of beef, and bunches of odoriferous onions for the soup. In one corner reclined a couple of loaded muskets for the benefit of the Carlists, and round the walls were hung jackets, canteens, telescopes, and pantaloons. Our *batterie de cuisine* consisted of a frying-pan, one noseless jug, and an earthen bowl that served the manifold purposes of cup and saucer, washing basin, and soup-tureen.

I had no idea that any European country could send forth such plagues of vermin as tormented us in this convent. Nightly as we were dropping off to sleep, a whole battalion of Carlist fleas sallied forth from their nooks and hiding places to lay waste and destroy the profoundest slumber, while the unhappy

victims scratched and groaned, and groaned and scratched in wretched restlessness till morning, when their limbs were found covered with white blotches as big as sixpences, which gradually subsiding into little red freckles gave the whole body an appearance of being smitten with measles or smallpox.

It was during one of these sleepless nights, that tormented beyond earthly patience, I jumped up in my shirt and desperately opening a volume of Béranger, attempted by the light of a flickering candle to pass away the time till dawn. I soon found myself nodding with my nose in the book, and walking to the window began to muse upon the dark shadows of the broad fig-trees that filled the garden below. I had not been many minutes immersed in contemplation, when I heard a rustling among the branches; I listened attentively and thought I could distinguish a whisper—presently another slight rustling among the leaves, and all was still. I took down a pistol that hung on the wall and chal-

lenged; but receiving no answer and hearing no more of the rustling, I concluded that my ears had deceived me, and crept back to my straw to sleep as I best might.

The next morning it was found that two Germans in our regiment had deserted to the enemy, making their escape through a small door below my window, which hid by the thick foliage of a large fig-tree, had passed without suspicion or discovery. Had they not been afraid of alarming the sentries, my white night-cap peering through the surrounding darkness, would have presented a convenient mark for a shot. As it was, however, they were too glad to steal off unmolested through the shadows of the orchard.

To prevent further desertion, all the foreigners in the regiment were sent next day to Portugalete, and fresh sentries were posted in the garden of the convent. One of these men, a genuine specimen of an Irishman, was the cause of much merriment among the garrison of San Mames. A night or two after the desertion of the Germans, he was on sentry at

some distance from the convent, and thought he heard footsteps. "Who goes there?" No answer. He challenged again; still all was silent. "Divil choke you," exclaimed the sentry, loud enough to be overheard by the officer on picquet—"D'ye know what I'm after? *It's cocking I am!*"

The 11th of September was marked by a severe check experienced by the Queen's troops. A column of 15,000 men, under Espartero, left Bilbao on the road to Orduña, preceded by two battalions of infantry thrown out a considerable distance on each side the line of march to act as feelers, and give notice of the enemy's approach. Being threatened by a superior force, this column was ordered to fall back upon Bilbao; upon which the two battalions in advance took fright, plunged into a river, and were there picked off like snipes by the enemy. The loss was estimated at between three and four hundred men, that of the Carlists being next to nothing.

The column hearing of this disaster, retreated in disorder for Bilbao, closely followed

by the enemy, when the British Legion was called out to cover the rear and keep the pursuers in check. Without this assistance hardly a man of Espartero's division would have reached the town alive. The 1st Regiment being on the other side of the town, and having to march a considerable distance, did not arrive on the ground till the affair was nearly over, and the enemy had given up the pursuit. A company of the 3rd charged across a bridge and drove them back with loss. A great number of wounded Spaniards were carried by on mules, and appeared to be chiefly wounded about the head. One had his nose shot off, another his teeth knocked out, a third a bullet in his eye. This is the result of their bo-peep manner of fighting, sheltering themselves behind cover, and aiming at each other's heads.

The last of the retreating column having passed, the 1st Regiment brought up the rear, and continued its march to Bilbao without experiencing any annoyance from the enemy. Thus concluded our share of the business of the 11th September.

A fortnight after this affair, the 1st Regiment was relieved by the 2nd, which had been hitherto quartered in the town. We gladly surrendered the convent, and marched into Bilbao on the 28th September, where we were lodged, together with the 3rd and 7th, in the convent of San Francisco, at the foot of the chain-bridge across the river. This convent was one of the largest I ever was in, being three stories high, and accommodating with ease a whole regiment on one floor. Altogether I should say that the number of men quartered in it at once could not be much under two thousand.

There was a curious cemetery attached to the convent, in which long rows of cells large enough to admit a body, are piled one above another under the stone arches or corridors that form the four sides of a square. The bodies are put in head-foremost, without a coffin, and the entrance stopped up by a stone tablet, on which are engraved the name and age of the deceased. Several of these were broken through accident, and the mouldering

forms of the dead could be distinguished amid the gloom of their narrow dungeon. Looking around the innumerable lines of cells, it seemed as if the court were lined with human bones like the shelves of a library with books.

The men found themselves much better off in this convent than at San Mames, as they had mattresses and blankets in place of straw, and were also furnished with boards and trestles to lie on—a luxury which is of more importance than any other in preserving the health of troops.

The town of Bilbao is much larger than San Sebastian, and built in a more antique and Spanish style, with the eaves of the houses broad and overhanging, and furnished with tin spouts a yard or two long, to shoot the rain into the middle of the street. Every window has a separate balcony of iron or wood curiously carved, which filled with ladies sewing or talking and gazing out below, present a very novel effect from the street-end. The fine quays on each side the river, crowded with busy groupes loading and unloading the

ships with bales and barrels, together with the number of passengers passing to and fro in the streets, give Bilbao the active, bustling air of a commercial town. The streets are broad and well paved, with *trottoirs* for passengers, and are kept perfectly clean and neat, far from being common to other towns in Spain.

There are two bridges over the river, one of stone, and the other suspended by iron chains like the pier at Brighton. Of this bridge, as may be imagined, the inhabitants of Bilbao are not a little proud, and reckon it as one of their principal curiosities. They also boast of a beautiful *paseo* or *arenal* shaded by lofty trees, which runs for a considerable distance along the left bank of the river, and terminates nearly opposite to San Mames. A high ridge of hills girdles and commands the town on the north-east, from the gate at the entrance of the *arenal* as far as the church of Begoña, near which Zumalacarregui was mortally wounded. A part of this ridge is included within the fortifications

of the town, the trenches and breastworks of which run along the summit; but the further extremity, on which stands the Begoña church, is situated outside the town in an easterly direction.

It was on this position that the Carlists erected a battery from which they poured shot and shell into the town, which was on the point of surrendering when a random bullet fired from behind a wall, destroyed the Carlist chieftain, and with him the hopes of his party. A small country house near the church, marks the place of his fall. He was standing in one of the balconies surveying the breach made by his cannon in the fortifications, when a shot struck one of the bars of the railing, and glancing off, inflicted a wound in the leg, of which he died. The house when I visited it was a mere shell, the interior having been destroyed by fire, but the balcony still remains, with a deep dent in one of the bars caused by the striking of the bullet. The bottom of the balcony was floored with bricks, many of them loosened and crumbling from the violence of

the shot with which the house was assailed. I picked up and brought away two or three fragments of the brick which had been pressed by his foot, as memorials of a man whose courage and genius, however clouded by bigotry and intolerance, entitle him to respect as the *dernier rejeton* of the Cortezes and Pizarros of Castile.

The women of Bilbao have a reputation for beauty in the north of Spain. They are small, and more southern-complexioned than those of San Sebastian. Their dress is nearly the same, except that they wear the mantilla without the comb to elevate and throw it off the face, which to my fancy is the prettier mode of the two; and the lower classes plait the hair in two tails, instead of one of Brobdignagian dimensions as at San Sebastian. The Basque language, though very common, is not quite so universal as I had hitherto found it, and is, I believe, a different dialect from that of Guipuzcoa.

I frequently visited the theatre during my stay at Bilbao, where there was a tolerable

company with two or three singers of some celebrity from Madrid. The interior might be about as large as that of the Haymarket Theatre, and was very elegantly fitted up, the only difference in the arrangement being that the front of the pit was taken up to form the stalls or *luneta,* and the remainder was left for standing-room, in which the audience lounged about during the performance.

The favourite piece just then was a translation of *La Cenerentola* (Hispanicè *Cenicienta*), the music being the original. This was invariably followed by a *Sainete*—the broadest description of farce, in which the pantomimic bumps and thumps elicited peals of laughter from the grave Spaniards. I never heard audiences roar to such a degree, even in England—the French who are calm and sedate at a comedy, have no idea of it.

The Spanish prose plays are generally long-winded and dull. Their most agreeable pieces are translations of French vaudevilles, in which they take much delight. The ladies are very independent in their visits to

the theatre, going alone or in couples in their usual walking dress and the mantilla whenever the fancy takes them. It is only in moral England that ladies cannot stir out by themselves.

On the first arrival of the regiment, it was with considerable difficulty that the officers could get billets, the town being filled to overflowing with Spanish and English troops. After going to many houses without success, I at last got a small bedroom in the Calle de la Ronda, not far from the convent where the troops were quartered.

The owner of the floor was an old *abogado* or lawyer, who usually shut himself up in his room with a secretary till five o'clock in the evening, when just as I was returning from drill, I used to meet him on the stairs sallying forth to read the *Gacetas* at the café and smoke his paper cigar. With the innate politeness of a Spaniard he always made me a low bow on these chance occasions, but beyond this, little past between myself and host to tell of each other's presence in the

house. His family consisted of two daughters, and a Basque servant who daily astonished me by the immense caldrons of water she used to carry on her head up four pair of stairs from the fountain in the Plaza.

The girls were good tempered but variable, so that a joke that pleased them one day was taken in high dudgeon the next. On one occasion taking offence at a prank of a young servant of mine, who threatened to roast their favourite cat for a hare, they made a complaint to their father, who treated me in consequence to a long speech in Spanish and French on the impropriety of which my servant was alleged to be guilty. Being somewhat nettled at this unexpected attack, I hinted that he was a false Carlist to treat me in such a manner, and that I should quit his house that evening; but as I was removing my things out of it, the old *abogado* came up considerably mollified, and after making sundry excuses for the vivacity of his daughters, and referring me to General Espartero for proofs of his

loyalty, sealed the contract of peace by inviting me to breakfast next morning.

I accepted the invitation, but was unable to attend till a good deal after the time, in consequence of some unavoidable duty. I found that he had gone out and left the breakfast on the table, bidding his daughters to do the honours of the house in his absence. The table which was laid out with a state very unusual in Spain at breakfast time, was covered with all sorts of eatables and drinkables. Measuring my appetite by their own notion of English powers of eating, they had prepared enough to have lasted them a month. A large tureen of boiled milk stood in the centre, flanked by a dozen hard eggs on one side and a dish of pastry on the other; at the top stood something like a gallon measure of thick chocolate, and at the bottom two or three bottles of *Xeres seco;* at the four corners were preserves and jellies interspersed with long rolls of bread; and with as much pomp and ceremony as Sancho when Governor of Barataria, I was

installed at the head of the table, and invited by the two damsels to begin my breakfast at which ever end I liked best, and above all "to eat every thing in the English fashion." It was in vain that I begged them to sit down to keep me company—no, they had already taken their chocolate; or to wait till their father came back—he had finished his breakfast, and was not to return till dinner; and making a curtesy they closed the door, leaving me to my meal and meditations.

There was enough on the table to feast a company, and though I did my best, having just come off picquet, I left no more signs of demolition than a solitary mouse at a Cheshire cheese; whereat the two young ladies were much astonished, and intimated a suspicion that it was through *vergüenza* (modesty) that I did not eat more. Nor did their kindness end here—knowing that I was on the point of leaving Bilbao, they wrapped up the untouched pastry in a paper, which they insisted on my taking in my havresack to eat on the voyage.

Notwithstanding their civility, I was tempted

to accuse the young ladies in secret, of having been so far overcome of the devil as to run away with a volume of Don Quixote which I had left on a table in the sitting-room. On making a search, it was no where to be found, and the *señoritas* stoutly denied having touched it, referring me at the same time to their library for proof. Certainly on looking over the collection, I could forgive them the theft of my Don Quixote; for the *Vidas de los Santos* and "Mysterious Conception of the Virgin" were the only books they had in the world.

In the mean while, the task of drilling and disciplining the Legion was persevered in, and the troops had attained to a most respectable proficiency in both battalion and brigade movements. The marches among the hills as at San Sebastian were frequently repeated, sometimes going as far as Portugalete, and sometimes in the opposite direction into the interior. I recollect one in particular that we made as far as the mouth of the river, during which General Evans was thrown from his horse. The regiment was marching on a

narrow causeway along the bank of the river, and the General wishing to gain the head of the column leaped his horse into a field below to ride along our flank. The ground being wet and boggy the horse fell on his knees, pitching the General over his ears. Several officers ran to help him up, but he was not much hurt, and presently remounted and continued his course. We all expected to see in the English papers that the Lieutenant-General had broken his neck, as he had been twice taken and shot by the Carlists in the columns of the *Morning Herald* and other journals that professed to give a true account of the affairs in Spain.

On another occasion we marched a considerable distance into the interior along the high road, and as we were passing a kind of defile formed by two ridges of hills on each side, a few Carlist tirailleurs fell upon the rear of the column, which they threw into a little disorder, but were speedily repulsed with the loss of two or three wounded on each side. Passing some country houses, I re-

marked the novel mode adopted by the Spaniards in making bee-hives. Instead of making the habitations of straw, they hollow out small pieces of the trunks of trees, which stopped up at one end by a tile or bit of board, and piled horizontally in rows one above another, afford a secure and convenient shelter to the different swarms. Sometimes a small roof of thatch is erected over the whole to protect it from the rain. A Spanish apiary always put me in mind of a number of small cannons or carronades piled in a heap, and charged to the mouth with honeycomb and labouring bees.

We did not return to town till very late at night, and it was pitch dark as we descended the hill side, scrambling and tumbling among the rocks to the great danger of our shins and necks. Two soldiers, indeed, fell over the edge of a precipice and were killed, and several stragglers of the Rifle Regiment, which brought up the rear and did not reach home till past midnight, lost their way and being taken by the enemy, were afterwards shot in front of our picquets.

This was the last expedition of the kind we were engaged in, the duty afterwards being hard enough of itself without harassing the troops by voluntary marches. Within the town the British kept all or most of the posts in the fortifications, besides frequently patroling the streets during the night to see that all was quiet. I have often gone the rounds at twelve or one o'clock in the morning, with a patrol of twenty or thirty men, setting off from the Casa del Ayuntamiento near the river, and after traversing the whole extent of the fortifications as far as the *arenal*, returned by the centre of the dormant city, challenged at every step by the Spanish sentinels. "*Quien vive?*" —"*España.*" —"*Que regimiento?*"—"*Patrulla.*"

CHAPTER IV.

Departure for Santander—Portugalete—Trouble in victualling the Brig—Sick Governor—Mazeppa steamer—Voyage to Santander—Astillero—Convent of Corban—Description of Santander—Misadventure at the Theatre—Departure for Vitoria—Monumental cross—Posadas—Muleteers—Singular accident—Burgos—Cathedral—Pass of Pan corbo—Arrival at Vitoria.

THE Legion left Bilbao the latter end of October, and after some hard marching, and several weeks spent at Briviesca and other towns in the neighbourhood, arrived at Vitoria about the conclusion of the following month. I was not with my regiment during this march, being to my annoyance ordered to take a detachment of invalids and soldiers' wives by sea to Santander. I would have given anything in the world to have been excused this duty, as a general engagement with the enemy was expected every day after the departure of the Legion. As it fell out, however, hardly a shot

was fired on the road, and I had the opportunity of visiting the city of Burgos, which otherwise I should not have seen. So that, though I accused the Gods of harshness and severity at the time, I had ample reason afterwards to be satisfied with the good they provided.

A small brig, Nuestra Señora de la Antigua, moored off San Mames, was appointed to carry the invalids and stores, together with three *chasse marées* containing baggage. On the 27th October I hoisted my flag on board the Nuestra Señora, which was expected to drop down the river the next morning. I found the decks covered with women and invalids to the number of a hundred and fifty souls, and the hold filled with stores of every description.

I sat for some time on the stern of the vessel, philosophically smoking a cigar and watching the dexterity of a few Spanish soldiers in picking out of the water half-a-dozen spluttering Irish women who had contrived to upset themselves in a small ferry-boat in the middle of the river, when I was interrupted by a deputation of Spanish officers of the Regiment of Africa,

whom I had known during our stay at San Mames, requesting me to come ashore and spend the night with them. They said that they had seen me a musket-shot off sitting by myself, and judging by the melancholy whiffs of smoke and the apathy with which I beheld the fair ones under my guardianship struggling in the water, that I was on disagreeable duty, they had come down to beg me to pass a last night in their old quarters. I willingly acceded to this request, and accompanied my hosts to the billet, where I was splendidly entertained with a supper of beans or *garbanzos*, and a roasted fowl, with as much wine as the fierce old Captain of Grenadiers and his servant Digoras could compass in the neighbourhood.

After supper, I was shown to a clean bed in a room next to the one in which the officers slept, and was awakened the next morning by Digoras with a cup of chocolate and some bread for breakfast. Taking a friendly leave of *el Capitan Turco*—a name which had been bestowed upon him in consideration of a pair of large black mustachios—I hurried down to

the waterside, when I found that the *chasse marées* had gone, but that the brig was still at anchor, and the captain in bed. I went into the cabin and pulled him out by the heels, whereupon he declared that there was not wind enough to take us down the river, and that we should require a pair of bullocks to tow the vessel. The greater part of the day was spent in fruitless attempts to procure a pair of bullocks, all of which in the neighbourhood had fallen sick for the occasion, when my impatience increasing with the hourly detachments of invalids pouring into this most capacious of all brigs, I got the captain to send his crew ashore with a rope to tow us along in place of the oxen. In the dusk of the evening, passing Soroza, where the Rifles were stationed, the sailors at the rope were challenged by the English sentry, and although I spoke in reply and of course was permitted to pass, the Spaniards were in such a fright that they immediately cast anchor, and resolutely refused to budge an inch till morning.

For this there was no remedy, and ap-

pointing a guard for the night, I went to bed in the cabin, with the Spanish captain opposite to me, and grinning out of his berth like an ape. He told me a long story about himself and the good ship Nuestra Señora—how he had sailed in her to Hamburg and London—which, from what I had seen of his seamanship, I very much doubted—and how she had been present at the memorable siege of Bilbao and had cleared for action on the river—and a great many other *hazañas* of the same kind, "very wonderful if true." He showed me a pamphlet professing to be a history of the terrific siege of Bilbao, which glorified the prowess of the National Guard, extolled the devotedness of the inhabitants, painted in hideous colours the ferocity of the besiegers, and wound all up with a return of *twenty-seven* Christinos killed and wounded during the whole siege!

Early the next morning, the vessel got under way and was proceeding down the river, when I heard a commotion on deck, and presently down came the captain, his teeth chat-

tering with fright, and roaring out for me to come on deck, as the Carlists had attacked the vessel. Jumping out of bed in a great hurry, I ran up the ladder almost *in puris naturalibus*, but nothing could I see either on land or water at all like a Carlist. On making enquiry among my regiment of cripples, they said that a few men among the rocks at a great distance had fired a couple of shots, which flew over the rigging and made all the Spaniards run below to hide themselves. I could not help laughing to see the fright of these valourous defenders of Bilbao, and appointing a look-out of two or three men, I went below to complete my dressing, thankful that it had not been our fate to depend upon the good swords and boiling courage of the Spanish sailors.

Arrived at Portugalete, the vessel cast anchor according to orders, to take in some additional stores and provisions. The captain grumbled excessively at the number of people on board, declaring that he could not carry half so many, and although it was only a two days' sail to Santander, he insisted on our

taking ten days' provisions, as he was an old sailor and perfectly understood "*las cosas de la mar.*" I argued with him to no purpose, and not being a naval man, was on the point of giving up the contest, when one of the officers of H. M. S. Ringdove, then anchored in the river, came on board and settled the matter by telling the captain that if he was unwilling to take the number already on board, he would make him take double, as there were plenty more invalids at Portugalete. On my expressing a wish to disembark the men until the brig should be properly victualled, an affair which I was afraid would take some time, Captain Lapidge of the Ringdove kindly sent the ship's boats, and the men, women, and children to the number of two hundred were landed in less time than it took the Spanish captain to pull ashore in his jolly-boat.

On landing, I found a number of women and sick men lying about the streets, who had been several days at Portugalete without any one in authority to procure them rations. The sur-

geon who had been left to attend them, had gone off to Santander, and they had been roaming about nearly starved to death, without a roof to shelter them. The moment I made my appearence, they crowded around, imploring me to deliver them from their miserable situation, and get them shipped off for Santander. I promised to do what I could for them, and after meeting with a good deal of annoyance from a little Anglo-Spanish commissary in blue spectacles, who appeared very reluctant to do anything that he was asked, I at length succeeded through the intervention of Colonel Arbuthnott, commanding the dépôts of the Legion on the coast, in obtaining the requisite number of rations for the men on shore, as well as four days' provisions for the brig. Having quartered my party in an old house on the sands outside the town, I urged the Spanish captain to get the water on board by the next morning, which he faithfully promised to do, but as usual failed to perform; for at the appointed time I found the casks empty, and the captain snoring in bed. Rous-

ing him up, as I had had occasion to do many times before, I insisted on his sending the crew on shore to fill the ship's casks at the fountain in the town. This he declined to do without bullocks and a sledge, as the road to the fountain was up hill, and the *señor gobernador* of Portugalete was the only man who could furnish them.

I went to the house and found that the governor had fallen sick, to escape the trouble of providing for the detachments of invalids that daily passed through the town. Giving the slip to a fat, oily little *valet-de-chambre*, who endeavoured to resist my entrance, I bolted down a long passage into a room where was a rather pretty Spanish girl, his daughter, who seemed somewhat amazed at my apparition in the *señor padre's* bedroom. "*Señor Gobernador*," said I in my best Castilian to a round old fellow rolled up in the blankets, and with his head muffled in a shawl, "the service of Her Majesty Queen Isabel the Second, requires a couple of bullocks,—yes, sir, a couple of bullocks!" (finding that the old gentleman was

deaf)—"and I beg that you will give me an order for them, as the bullocks of the townspeople are all sick, and the cows *están por parir*." The daughter smiled at the termination of the harangue, and the father to save trouble, signed the requisition, with which I procured the animals and at last succeeded in dragging down three or four casks of water to the beach, where they were embarked on board the brig, together with the party that had accompanied me from Bilbao.

And now to my great satisfaction, finding everything ready on board, and the tide serving to cross the bar, I went to the Mazeppa steamer with a request to tow us out of the harbour. I was met on the gangway by a portly red-faced gentleman, whose sword-belt I had often felt a wish to measure in order to ascertain the rotundity of his barrel, who assured me with all the gruffness of a disagreeable Englishman, that he had not time to think of towing the brig, as he was bound to Bilbao with despatches. On receiving this answer, I jumped into a boat, rowed to the Ringdove where I knew that Colonel Arbuthnott was

breakfasting with Captain Lapidge, and referred the matter to him. A peremptory order to the captain of the steamer was the consequence, and in ten minutes the unwilling paddles of the Mazeppa were set in motion; we hooked on to the stern, and rode triumphantly over the waters, leaving Portugalete and all its sorrows behind. I could have hurraed with delight as we shot past the bristling sides of the Ringdove, on the deck of which was collected a groupe of officers watching our departure, and I was indulging in a most satisfactory train of thought, when the Mazeppa, no doubt to revenge the indignity of being made to move against her will, let slip the hawser, and putting the helm hard up, left us like a log of wood to toss about on the waters of the bar, and get out to sea as well as we could. The master of the brig was at his wits' end calling on all the saints, and declaring that we should drift to leeward and be wrecked on the sands. Finding that we were left to our fate by the cross-grained steamer, I advised the Don to hoist his sails. "Sails! what are the use of sails when there is no wind?"—and

again he fell to his lamentations, resigning the command of the vessel to Jesus and the Holy Trinity.

As I saw that we were rapidly drifting on the shore, I exerted my stock of naval knowledge picked up in the Red Sea and a voyage across the Mediterranean, and getting my crippled red-coats to hoist the jib and foresail, ordered the jabbering Basques in the pilot-boat to take a rope ahead and tow us across the bar. This they refused to do, and were on the point of letting go the painter, when I took up a loaded musket, and pointing the muzzle over the ship's side, swore that I would let fly among them if they did not do as they were ordered. "*Somos negros entonces?*"—"are we negroes then?" asked the pilot at the rudder, as he quietly took the proffered rope, and the men pushed on ahead, where they commenced rowing with the greatest alacrity, as if their own drowning and not ours depended on the matter. At length, as we got out gradually to sea, the wind freshened a little, and one by one we had the satisfaction of seeing the sails filled, and hearing the water ripple at

the prow. In proportion as the distance from the rocks increased, the captain's spirits rose, and resuming the authority which he had resigned in the hour of need, began to vapour about the deck and abuse his countrymen in the pilot-boat, calling them cowards and poltroons, and ever and anon, after my example, showing the muzzle of a musket to stimulate their exertions. At length, finding that the brig was getting on pretty well under sail, I gave the men in the boat a biscuit each and some wine, and sent them about their business.

The weather was very favourable, and we coasted along merrily with a light breeze, in great glee at having escaped the horrors of the bar, and finally extricated ourselves from the mouth of the river. The captain was the only one who seemed to be afflicted with apprehensions, and told me privately that if the wind should change and our water run short, we ought to lie in wait for some *chasse marée* or trading vessel, and if it was *much smaller than ourselves* to attack it and take the water. In spite, however, of his fears and prognostications, we arrived safely in the

harbour of Santander on the 1st of November. Just as we cast anchor, a pioneer of the 2nd Regiment, who had been very ill of fever during the voyage, died and was buried the same evening on shore. This event added greatly to my troubles, as I found myself saddled with the duties of undertaker in addition to those of doctor, commissary, commander-in-chief, and admiral of the fleet. There were no implements on board for digging, except an old spade and half a pickaxe, and these, together with the burial party commanded by a junior officer who had taken a passage with us and kindly offered to repeat the Lord's Prayer as well as he could on the occasion, I sent on shore to perform the last duties to the corpse.

The same evening, having reported our arrival to the commandant of the depôt at Santander, the men and women were put into a number of large boats and taken to Astillero on the opposite side of the bay, and about four miles from Santander. This was a pretty little village, situated in the midst of beautiful scenery, and on account of the purity of the

air, very well adapted for a depôt of invalids and convalescents. In about a fortnight they were removed to the convent of Corban, four or five miles distant, and situated in a low unhealthy situation surrounded by bleak and barren hills. This convent was of immense extent, and had recently been repaired and fitted up so as to wear the appearance of a new building, although, I believe, it was some centuries old. In this miserable place, up to the knees in mud during wet weather, and pinched with the bleak winds from the mountains, there was nothing for us to do but to catch the fever and die as soon as possible—a task which some of us accomplished with surprising alacrity. Those that were well, fell sick, and those that were sick, died, so that our situation was not one of the pleasantest that can be imagined. For the first time since my arrival in Spain, I had a slight touch of fever with sore throat, which prevented me from setting out for the army so soon as I intended.

On my recovery, which took place in a short time, I removed into Santander for a few days previous to my departure. The town was in

a much less bustling state than the two I had just quitted, in consequence of the general tranquillity of the province and the absence of military. There appeared in fact to be hardly any troops in the place except the National Guard, a few *Carabineros* in black uniforms, and the 1st Regiment of Lancers of the Legion. The town itself is a fine one, and remarkable for its bay, which is of great extent and filled with vessels of all sizes and nations. Not a musket-shot from the shore lay the Castor frigate, surrounded by a shoal of trading vessels in the midst of which she looked like a triton among the minnows; and hauled close up to the quay were numbers of small craft receiving and discharging cargoes. The quay is of stone and very broad, with a fine row of lofty houses bounding it on one side, and busy crowds of sailors and merchants traversing it in all directions. This on the whole is the best part of the town, the other streets being in general narrow and not remarkable for cleanliness. There is a fine *prado* shaded with trees, which extends to a considerable

distance from the town, where all classes, as usual, enjoy themselves on a holiday. The only time I recollect seeing Spanish ladies on horseback, was on this *prado*. They were two very handsome girls, dressed in hats and veils, with duck-tailed riding habits which might have been made by Stultz, and were mounted on stout Andalusian steeds with long tails and flowing manes down to the fetlocks.

The *monture* of their companions was singular enough: all the money seemed to be lavished on the ladies, so the gentlemen rode what they could. One was on a poor hack that threatened to come down upon his nose at every step, and the other was perched upon a mule with a common pack-saddle hung over with long gaudy worsted tassels, and was jingling away greatly to his own satisfaction and that of the fair horse-women. Means of locomotion, especially for ladies, are not very plentiful in the north of Spain, and they are sometimes put to odd shifts when necessity obliges them to travel. Some months afterwards, on the march from Vitoria, two ladies

passed us in a pair of panniers slung across a mule, and followed by a well-mounted cavalier and a sturdy peasant in a brown cloak, who acted as guide and escort on the road. The ladies were muffled up to the chin in cloaks and shawls, and ambled away very comfortably on each side of the mule, nodding to us as we stared at the outlandish appearance of their equipage.

The theatre at Santander is very small, and not much better than a barn. I was only in it once, and met with a mishap that took away all desire of repeating the visit. The night was hot and the house crammed to suffocation, the scents, too, of oil-lamps, orange peel and garlic were not very delectable. A young Spanish lady sitting on the bench before me was suddenly taken ill, and in the most modest manner possible turned her head round and—what shall I say?—cast up the devil that was in her on my clean white pantaloons. I was struck with surprise, and kept looking first at her and then at myself, not knowing exactly what to do, when a peasant rolled up in a

great cloak, who was standing behind me, with the ready tact and good breeding of a Spaniard whispered into my ear the emphatic word "*Retirarse.*" I did so, and remember the circumstance by the token that it was the only pair of ducks I had brought with me from the convent, and on giving them to the landlady of the inn where I lodged, to have them washed, she held them up to the light and fully described the nature of the visitation by the remark—"*Caramba! habra comido tomates aquella.*" "That girl must have been eating tomatas."

This unfortunate occurrence filled the cup of disrelish to the brim, and leaving Santander in high dudgeon, I betook myself to the convent where I began to make preparations for my departure by the earliest detachment of recruits for the army.

At length, on the 25th of November, I set out on my march to Head-Quarters, with a convoy of five and twenty mule waggons loaded with arms and military stores, and accompanied by a guard, if such it could be called, of con-

valescents and recruits to the number of one hundred and fifty. The Legion at this period was reported to be either at Briviesca or Vitoria, and our directions were on no account to go the direct road for fear of falling in with the enemy, but to proceed *viâ* Burgos, which as may be seen by the map, obliged us to travel the two sides of a triangle instead of its base. However, we were too glad to get away from Corban and its concomitant miseries, to quarrel about the road, and we all set out in high spirits for the good town of Burgos, travelling at the rate of four or five Spanish leagues, or between fifteen and twenty miles a day.

The road lay through a very rocky and mountainous country, barren of everything except the small stunted oaks and evergreen shrubs, as the holly and bay, which grow wild among the rocks. Sometimes from the summit of a "heaven-kissing hill" one caught a fine view of the surrounding mountains, or peeped into a fertile valley with herds of cattle grazing in the green pastures, and a blue wreath of smoke marking a village that had

sprung up in its stony girdle—but the general aspect of the country was desolate and wild, and different from the usual idea of a southern land. The song of birds is hushed, for the woods and hedge-rows that afford them shelter in other countries are not to be found in Spain, and on all sides there reigns the deepest silence, unbroken by anything but the jingle of mule-bells or the distant scream of a solitary bird of prey, wheeling its lazy circles in the air. Here and there the "rude-carved crosses near the path" point out to the traveller the site of a murder, and tell him the name of the defunct. I remarked one in particular in a lonely pass along which the road wound, with perpendicular cliffs rising abruptly on one side, and a large torrent foaming among the rocks in the ravine below. It was composed of two rude pieces of oak nailed together in the form of a cross, on which "some half-worn letters say,"

"AQVI MATARON A BICENTE DIEZ. RVEGVEN A DIOS POR EL. AÑO D. 1828."*

The villages scattered at great intervals

* "Here they killed Vincent Diez. Pray to God for him. A. D. 1828."

along the road, are in general well and substantially built of stone, but lamentably deficient in the common necessaries of life—at least in what an Englishman is in the habit of calling such. As for the natives, they live miraculously on Indian corn and boiled beans, and as far as I could make out, never touch meat from one year's end to another, except a piece of pork or bacon now and then as proof of Christianity. The *posadas* or inns are the most poverty-stricken in the universe—the very strongholds of famine—and appear to exist less for the accommodation of man than for that of beast. Often and often on entering one of these *posadas* after a long day's march, too hungry to wait for the cooking of my rations, have I asked the hostess "*Tiene usted algo que comer?*"—"*No señor, no hay.*"—"*No tiene usted carne?*"—"*No hay.*"—"*Huevos?*"—"*No hay.*"—"*Tocino?*"—"*No hay.*"—"*Por fin, señora, no hay nada?*"—*Si, señor, hay pan, cebollas, y agua hermosisima de la fuente.*"*

* "Have you got anything to eat?"—"No, Sir, nothing."—"What no meat?"—"No Sir."—

Certainly the march of intellect has not yet reached Spanish inns. As far back as the days of Gongora they appear to have been exactly what they are now, and are celebrated in a difficult and untranslateable sonnet of his as execrable.

The only people who fared well on the journey were the muleteers—a jolly, good-tempered crew, who after cracking jokes and whips all the day, sat down in the evening to a good supper and plenty of wine, such as it was, and sang songs and national airs for the greater part of the night. They appeared to be decided Liberals in politics, and the famous *Tragala* and Riego's Hymn sung in chorus kept pace with their "potations pottle-deep," and cries of *muera Don Carlos!* They seldom ventured on their stages without a capacious *bota* or leathern bottle filled to the neck with wine, and which like Sancho's, was tilted up to the stars whenever their throats felt dry

"Eggs?"—"No."—"Bacon?"—"No."—"Then it seems that there is nothing at all."—"Oh, yes, there's bread, onions, and most beautiful water at the spring!"

with speaking to the mules and exhorting *capitana* to keep in the way she should go. They seemed to know every body they met, were well received in all the villages, and were on particularly good terms with the black-eyed wenches on the road, for whom they always had a nod, or a smile, or a courteous speech, as they rode on the shaft of the waggons cracking their whips over the long string of mules that soberly trotted along in front.

I had the luck to be very popular among them, and was consulted on every occasion when a conference was wished to be held with some foot-sore Englishman who was endeavouring to smuggle himself into the waggons. They regarded my speaking a little Spanish as a very wonderful accomplishment, on account of which they gave me the name of "*el medio Español*," the half Spaniard—and used to invite me to many welcome pulls at the *bota*, besides sundry pieces of *bacallao* or dried cod-fish, with which they beguiled the tediousness of the way. They possessed, moreover, plenty of wonderful stories and anecdotes, and the

elder ones had never done talking of the glories of the Peninsular war, and setting forth the white cravat of the Duke of Wellington. Occasionally they opened out with a ditty in a long-drawn, monotonous voice, which had a strange and not unpleasant effect amid the wild scenery of the country, and chimed in agreeably with the jingling of the mule-bells as the convoy entered the gorge of some echoing defile or narrow pass. Altogether I was much struck by the frank and manly bearing of the muleteers, and parted with them with regret at the conclusion of the journey.

In crossing one of the *sierras*, or ridges of mountains, which divide the province of Montaña from the plain country near Burgos, a somewhat singular accident occurred to one of our party. During the whole march we were much incommoded by the wind, which was very high, but in ascending this *sierra* it blew and roared through the clefts and ravines of the mountains in fearful and overwhelming gusts. One of the officers, a man of six foot high, was marching a few yards in front of the

advance guard, when all at once we saw him start off at the top of his speed in a different direction as if after a hare, and coming to the edge of the road, which was elevated two or three feet above the field on the side, take a desperate leap into the air, and continue his flight for at least six yards before he deigned again to visit the ground. We all thought he was bewitched, or that the devil was flying away with him after the manner that poetic justice is done upon the stage, but seeing him fall with violence, we hastened to the spot, and found him lying pale and senseless on his back. He had been carried off his legs by a gust of wind, and pitching on the ground, had dislocated his shoulder, broken the collar-bone, and sprained his ancle. In my fright at seeing him come down with such a squelch on the ground, I took to my heels to run to his assistance, and was nearly blown away myself for my pains, for getting into the same current of air, I scudded along to the imminent danger of my neck, like a ship under bare poles, and with difficulty brought myself up after having

overshot my intended halting-place by many yards. As for the unfortunate sufferer, a little *aguardiente* was poured down his throat, which brought him round, and the surgeon of the detachment coming up from the rear, his shoulder was speedily put to rights, and the patient stowed away in one of the waggons till the end of the march.

After passing this *sierra*, the country became gradually less mountainous, and at last became a dead flat of heath, with the road running in a perfectly straight line, and furnished on both sides with stone pillars about a hundred yards distant from each other, to guide travellers in case of a fall of snow during the winter.

Nothing more dreary can well be conceived than after pressing on to the summit of a small rise in hopes of discerning some village or halting-place, to see nothing but an interminable line of road with a succession of these stone pillars rising bleak and desolate across the plain.

Towards Burgos, however, the ground became more broken and fertile, and a distant chain of dark mountains on the left, the tops

of which were sprinkled with snow, diversified the aspect of the country.

At length on the evening of the 4th December, we came in sight of the ancient city of Burgos with its towers and steeples, situated in the midst of a large plain, intersected by the river which flows through the town. After passing a small stone fountain with the inscription "*A Fernando VII la Castilla reconocida*," and the remains of a beautiful convent destroyed by the French previous to the siege of the town, we entered the gates of the city, and passing through the least frequented streets on account of the size and number of the waggons, crossed the river and drew up the convoy on the quays, where we left it under a guard of Spaniards, and proceeded to quarter our weary recruits as speedily as possible. Followed by my portion of the men, I proceeded to the Alcalde's and procured a number of billets in one street, where I soon lodged them greatly to their satisfaction and my own. None of the Legion had ever passed through Burgos, except the

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1st Regiment of Lancers, and a few detachments of infantry on their way to join the army. We were in consequence looked upon as curiosities, and followed along the streets by a rabble of boys hallooing and shouting at the doors of the houses to facilitate our entrance. I thought it rather hard upon the poor people on being invited to open their doors by the assurance that we were "*gente de paz*,"* to have half-a-dozen soldiers tumbling in upon them with billets in their hands. In one of the houses I entered to quarter a few men, I lost myself on the stairs in utter darkness. Ignorant of the geography of the place, and unable to see my hand before me, I groped

* In Spain it is the custom on knocking at the door of a floor, for the person within to cry out "*Quien es?*" (Who is it?) to which the reply is generally "*gente de paz*," (peaceful people); after which, if the answer be not satisfactory, a little sliding lid is opened, and the stranger reconnoitred from within through the bars of a small grate. The grate with the sliding board is to be seen in the outer-door of almost every apartment in Spain.

my way up one flight of stairs after another till I began to think I should never attain to the summit. Upon this I sat down upon a landing-place, and shouted with all my might "*Ave Maria! gente de paz! Alojados!*" and every thing else I could think of to rouse the attention of the people of the house, who appeared to be buried in the most profound repose. The soldiers who were standing impatiently at the foot of the staircase awaiting my return, took it into their heads that I was murdered, and were about to rush up stairs at the risk of breaking their necks in the dark, when a gleam of light from above caused me to look upwards, and I saw the face of a handsome girl peering over the balcony. "*Quien es?*" said the unknown, and on my approach catching a glimpse of the red uniform, uttered a slight exclamation of surprise and vanished like a beam of sunshine. Not wishing to be again left in the dark, I gave chace up three flights of steps, and caught her by the wrist just as she was on the point of slipping through a door.

Here I brought the young lady to a parley, and asking her whether she knew where Don So-and-so lived, on whom I had certain billets, received for answer that the floor below was the habitation of the Don—that she herself was not the Don—that at that time of the night I should probably not find the Don —that the Don was in bed, but that she would rouse the Don herself, and introduce the Spanish Don to the English Don, if the English Don would only be so good as to let go her hand. I was amused by the poor girl's astonishment at falling into the hands of such a Cossack, and somewhat reluctantly freed the little white hand on her promising not to run away with the lamp. At this stage of the proceedings an elderly lady hearing the bustle on the staircase came out to see what was the matter, when I explained to her the whole affair, and begged the loan of a light until I should discover this troublesome Don's abode. The old lady laughed at my story, and asked her daughter what she was afraid of. "I did not know what it was," said the damsel, cast-

ing a smile upon me; "I thought it might be a robber or the devil,—*que sé yo?*"

I had not much time to bestow on Burgos, as we arrived late in the evening, and started about twelve o'clock next day; but as much as could be spared was employed in rambling over the town, and viewing the interior of the Cathedral. The town struck me as very large, and more Spanish than any I had hitherto visited. The houses are built in a very ancient and irregular style, with projecting stories and peaked roofs, as in some of the Elizabethan houses existing in London. The streets are narrow and crooked, without any attempt at uniformity of size and style in the buildings. No two windows appear to be on the same level, and as each one is invariably furnished with an isolated balcony of carved wood or iron, the fronts of the houses look as if they were hung over with huge bird-cages, which, together with the heavy dropping eaves and long tin water-spouts, give a very foreign appearance to the town. The quays, as is the case with most Spanish cities where there is

a river, are fine and broad, with a couple of stone bridges connecting the two portions of the town. A large brick square with arches, called the *Plaza de Isabel Segunda*, was thronged as I passed through it with numbers of young men in broad hats and black gowns, who appeared to be students, hussars in yellow uniforms, and royal guardsmen in long cloaks with scarlet capes, while the centre was occupied by fruit-stalls and baskets of vegetables. The Cathedral, however, was the principal point of attraction, and to it I bent my steps early the next morning. It is a fine old Gothic building, with its towers and steeples lavishly adorned with carved work and grotesque figures of saints and devils in every variety of grimace and distortion. One of these steeples is triangular, and composed entirely of fretted open-work, which showing its delicate tracery against the sky, looked at a distance like a beautiful piece of net stretched out in an embroidery frame. The interior of the cathedral is magnificent, being one mass of exquisite carving scattered over with roses

and worked niches, from which the whole host of heaven look down upon the sinners at prayer below. There are several bas-reliefs of subjects taken from Scripture, such as the birth of Christ, Christ carrying the cross, the Crucifixion, &c. The building is divided into three aisles, the middle one of which is fitted up for the celebration of mass, the two smaller ones on each side leaving a space for perambulation round the interior of the cathedral, the outer walls of which jut out in many places, so as to form splendid little niches or chapels in commemoration of sundry saints and arch-bishops, whose effigies live in precious metals amid a forest of gold candlesticks and tall tapers. One small recess lighted by a single lamp at the foot of a golden image of the Virgin, attracted my attention by being lined with little plaster casts of different parts of the human body, legs, arms, fingers, noses, eyes, &c., hung up by the devout, at whose entreaties before the shrine, Our Lady had been graciously pleased to rid the parts represented of divers diseases and afflictions.

This was the first time I had observed anything of the sort in Spain, and my mind recurred to the passage in Don Quixote where Sancho asks his master whether legs and arms are suspended over the tombs of knights-errant as well as over those of saints and prophets. The sides of the chapel in the great aisle were covered with pieces of ancient tapestry, but now so faded and mouldy, that the subjects are hardly to be recognized. The organ, which was playing at the time, is a fine one, and made me fancy myself again hearing that which was in York Minster, before Jonathan Martin said to it, "Thou'lt buzz ne mair."

The pipes instead of being perpendicular are made to stick out horizontally in a row like so many trumpets. A few large oil paintings hang on the walls, but are execrable daubs, like most that I haveseen in Spanish churches. In Scripture subjects they fail especially—their turn, I think, is more in the Murillo style, and leads them to prefer portraits of little boys ridding themselves of vermin, the

models of which are to be met with at every street-corner in Spain.

In this splendid cathedral I was shocked to observe two instances of lack of judgment, which would have disgraced a Chinese. One was a paltry glass chandelier hanging from the vaulted gothic roof by a long rope covered with dust and cobwebs; and the other the figure of an officer in a scarlet uniform, perched up in one of the stone galleries near the roof, holding in his hand a club, like the departed Gog and Magog of St. Dunstan's church, to strike the hours upon a bell suspended near him. Whether this dummy in red is intended for a lively representation of the Duke of Wellington, and a souvenir of the Peninsular campaign, I know not; but if it be, the untoward elevation of his Grace has certainly a laughable and vexatious effect amid the "long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults" of the cathedral.

Returning to the quay, I found the mules ready harnessed in the waggons, and the parties of soldiers scattered about the town, marching to the place of rendezvous previous

to again setting out. However, as I thought it would be yet some minutes before they got under way, I plunged into a *café* and called for some breakfast, when they brought me a tumbler of coffee and to my great surprise, a plateful of buttered toast—a delicacy which I had not tasted since leaving England. The Tartar prince who in the midst of his victories, wept at the smell that saluted his nostrils on the cutting open of a home-grown water melon, could not have been more sensibly affected than I was over the luxury thus unexpectedly presented to me after five months' chewing the bitter bran of ration loaves. I dare say a spectator might have seen the tear start into my eye, as swallowing the last morsel of my breakfast, I left the *café* in pursuit of the mule waggons, that now by the jingling of bells and creaking of wheels gave signs of having recommenced their route.

The day after leaving Burgos we arrived at Briviesca, a small country town, which had been for some time past the head quarters of the Legion, and where in fact we had some

expectation of meeting it. The Legion, however, had gone to Vitoria some days previous, and thither we set out the morning after to follow it, having passed a night in Briviesca in expectation of being attacked by Moreno and twelve hundred Carlists, who were reported to be somewhere in the neighbourhood. Seeing nothing of them, the convoy proceeded on its road, greatly to the dismay of the muleteers, who declared that eight thousand troops would not be sufficient to protect our entry into Vitoria. The road lay in a north-easterly direction, through a plain and uninteresting country, until we arrived at the village of Pancorbo, where there is a splendid pass through a ridge of mountains that interrupt the general flatness of the country. The rocks rise to an immense height, in wild and fantastic shapes on each side of the road, which winding for a considerable distance among the roots of the mountains, seems as if nature had used the chisel of art to cut the sunken passage deep in the living stone. The little village of Pancorbo is placed at the entrance of this curious pass,

embosomed in a savage scenery of rocks and precipices, and apparently shut out from all the world by a natural wall of stone. After the first turn in the road, the traveller seems as if at the bottom of an immense basin to which there is neither entry nor outlet, surrounded by rugged peaks and towering pinnacles. One might fancy it the scene of some great and glorious action in history, where an empire was lost or a nation's freedom won; it might be the Thermopylæ of Spain.

After passing Pancorbo we arrived at Miranda, where we were joined by eight companies of Spanish Infantry, to escort us for the remainder of the journey. Much had been talked of the Carlists on the road, but not one deigned to show himself. I was much struck by this want of energy on their part, as I had heard a great deal of their daring and activity, and was fully in expectation of some attack before the journey's end. Previous to being joined by the Spaniards at Miranda, I would have undertaken, with ten or a dozen resolute men, to capture the whole convoy at any given time or place.

The waggons, in spite of all the exertions of the muleteers, straggled in such a manner from one another, and the recruits and convalescents, who amounted to only one hundred and fifty, were knocked up to such a degree by fatigue, that it would have been the easiest thing in the world to cut off and massacre the guard of each waggon as it came up, and make a present of the whole stock of arms, clothes, boots, and stores to the generalissimo of the Carlist forces. However, as things happily turned out, the enemy never showed his face; and the convoy arrived safely under the walls of Vitoria on the evening of the 7th December, after a long and weary march of thirteen days, during which time it never halted twenty-four hours in one place.

CHAPTER V.

Irishwomen—Convent of Santa Cruz—Parlatorio—Commencement of the Typhus—Soldier's Funeral—Irish Brigade—Winter at Vitoria—Guard-Mounting—Exchange of Prisoners—Lieutenant Inman of the Lancers—Departure for Ilarraza—Skirmish of Mendijur—Heights of Ariaban—Mora—Carlist Lancer—Retreat to Vitoria—Singular Adventure.

It was with feelings of the greatest joy and satisfaction that I rejoined my regiment after more than a month's absence, for I was weary of looking after the *impedimenta*, and being pestered with the eternal complaints and quarrels of soldiers' wives. The specimens of the British "fair sex" brought over by the Legion were certainly not calculated to impress the Spaniards with high notions of our female beauty, and their tattered appearance with dirty straw bonnets and blowsy mob-

caps, was enough to astonish the trim *señoras*, and put into their mouths the often repeated question, "Whether all women in England were like these?"

The tribes of shoeless Moll Flaggons from the Green Isle who came over with our Irish regiments, are past all description, and the figure they cut in the rear of a battalion on the march, with a pyramid of babes on their backs and a couple trotting on each side, was singularly marvellous in the eyes of the natives, who at last looked upon them as a regular and necessary adjunct to the British Legion, or as a supernumerary company of wives and washerwomen to each regiment. How the numbers that came up with the convoy contrived to subsist on the march, I never could divine; for as their presence with the troops at that period was contrary to orders, they were allowed no rations and were totally without money, having had no opportunity of receiving any from their husbands for the last six weeks. And yet they trudged along through dust and mire, in fair weather

and in foul, for many a weary league, with light hearts and red cheeks, bidding defiance alike to the orders of the General and the accumulating hardships of the road, until they had the satisfaction of passing the gates of Vitoria. Of a truth, when Ireland loses her men, her women may stand up and fight in the good cause of their country's freedom, against the tyranny that proclaims them "aliens in blood—aliens in religion!"

On arriving at Vitoria, I found the regiment quartered in the Convent of Santa Cruz, within the walls of the town, and close to the Puerta de Francia, which as its name imports, looks out upon the road to France. This building previous to the arrival of the Legion, had been a nunnery in which certain ancient dames spent their lives in monastic seclusion and the exercise of pious works, of which the making of fans and pin-cushions formed an important part. The scene on their receiving notice to quit in order to make way for our regiment, was described to me as exceedingly distressing. The old ladies

hurried up and down with tears in their eyes to pack up their goods and chattels, while the younger ones vented their grief in exclamations and sobs at leaving a building which they had inhabited for the greater portion of their lives. One of the latter was reported to be rather handsome and somewhat more inclined to show her black eyes to the English officers than was deemed fitting by the elder sisters, who more than once hinted the propriety of drawing her veil closer round her face as they passed through the streets. They afterwards declared to an officer of ours, who went to visit them at their new residence, that the exertion of walking only a short distance over the stones of the streets had cut and wounded their feet in a painful manner, after being accustomed all their lives to the smooth flags and level floors of the nunnery.

I found the Convent of Santa Cruz pretty much such a building as most of the other convents I had visited, with the addition of a *Parlatorio*, or hall, where the nuns were allowed to see and converse with their rela-

tives. It was a large room that opened immediately from the vestibule near the street, and was separated from an inner apartment by a double set of strong iron grates, at such a distance from each other as to preclude all possibility of reaching with the hands. These grates, which occupied one side of the room, were not continuous, but divided into three or four compartments, so that a couple speaking at one of them could not be overheard by the next; and the inner room, into which the nuns were admitted by a separate door from the interior of the convent, receiving no light but what came through the gratings of the *Parlatorio*, it was difficult for a stranger to distinguish much beyond the forms of those with whom he was conversing. The uses of these two rooms were a good deal perverted during our stay in the convent, for the outer one was converted into an orderly room, and the inner or nun's apartment, into a guard-house for all the prisoners and disorderly characters of the regiment.

My recollections of Vitoria are not of the

most agreeable. The natural gloominess of the town, added to the universal sickness that broke out at this period, gave it the look of a city of the plague. The hospitals were full of sick and dying, and from dawn of day till set of sun, the streets re-echoed to the melancholy sounds of the fife and drum playing the Dead March as the departed soldier was borne to his last home. The air seemed loaded with fever, and those who marched in the train followed with a lack-lustre eye, as if aware that their turn was next. The boys in the streets, struck with the mournful solemnity of a ceremony which is unknown in the Spanish army, paraded up and down with sticks reversed and whistling the funeral anthem—the ladies in the balconies caught up the air and continued it on their pianos—the very bugles that sounded the reveil and advance had a lugubrious sound, as if blown by a man in his grave; and at length the Dead March in Saul became the only piece of music current in Vitoria during the whole of the five months

the Legion was quartered there and in its vicinity.

The number of deaths speedily augmented to such a degree that all attempt at ceremony was abolished, and the bodies were carried away in carts to the burial ground, where they were thrown six or seven into the same hole. Those that died of our regiment were buried in a piece of ground outside the walls, called the *Campo Santo*, where we prevailed on the priest to mutter over a prayer or two by assuring him that the deceased was a good Catholic. "Half a loaf is better than no bread," and it was thought that a Catholic prayer over a dead Protestant was better than no prayer at all.

On one occasion, being in command of a funeral party, and finding on our arrival at the ground that the priest had failed in his appointment, I placed a corporal with a file of men in the street to waylay the first churchman that passed by, and bring him *vi et armis* before me, as I knew that all sorts of excuses

would be made, if I followed the more peaceful and reverent mode of requesting him to perform the ceremony. I had not waited long in the church-yard, with the coffin placed at the brink of the grave, and the soldiers drawn up in single file on each side, before I heard a sort of scuffling and noise in the porch, and beheld the corporal fulfilling his instructions to the letter, hauling up a refractory priest by the skirt of his garment, and explaining to him by words and signs, that "soldier *muerto* wanted *Pater-noster—oficial no quiere* stay any longer." The poor old gentleman, who fancied that the heretics were going to make an end of him then and there, came very humbly to me with his long fore-and-aft cocked-hat in his hand, and begged to know what crime he had committed, to be seized and dragged up before what appeared to him an execution-party of twenty men with muskets and bayonets, and a grave ready dug to bury him in. Apologizing for the rudeness of the men, I pointed to the coffin, and begged him to perform the funeral ceremony. "Was

the defunct a true Catholic?" asked the Priest with earnestness—"Oh, yes, a very good Catholic"—"*Si, si, si*, Catholic, Catholic," murmured the men, who were beginning to get impatient, and the priest satisfied by these testimonials of the orthodoxy of the deceased, commenced his work in earnest, and had it over in a crack. Laying down his beaver, he put on a black silk night-cap to protect him from the damp—"*Pater-noster*," mumble jumble—*Ave Maria*, ditto, ditto—*etcetera, etcetera, Amen*"—three signs of the cross, a handful of dust, and the man was buried. For this piece of service, I paid the old priest a *peseta** and a half for himself, and one for each of the grave-diggers.

* A *Peseta* is a silver coin worth tenpence halfpenny in English money, and contains four *reals* Spanish. A *real de vellon*, therefore, of which we hear so much in Gil Blas and other Spanish novels, is a quarter of a *peseta*, or about 2½*d.* half-a-farthing. The *Duro* or dollar is five *pesetas*, or twenty *reals*, being one *real* more in value than the French five franc piece, which is only nineteen *reals*. The *Doblon* or *Onza* is a gold piece worth 16 Spanish dollars, that is eighty *pesetas*, or about 3*l.* 10*s.* English.

The inactivity of the army, the severity of the weather, and the sickness that prevailed in all ranks of the Legion, excited the most gloomy forebodings. The men were dying by hundreds, the officers dropping off like leaves from a tree, and the whole expedition appeared to be on the point of falling to pieces and dying a natural death. The company to which I belonged, when it first landed at San Sebastian was above a hundred strong on parade; six weeks after its arrival at Vitoria, the utmost that it could muster was fifteen files, or thirty men. The regiment in like manner, which originally was between seven and eight hundred strong, dwindled down in the space of two months after the fever broke out, to not more than four hundred. All the other regiments, with the exception of the Irish, were cut up in like manner, and two of them, the 2nd English and the 5th Scotch, were so nearly annihilated that they were broken up, and the miserable residue drafted into other regiments. The Irish Brigade, on the contrary, suffered little or nothing from disease,

although it was not better off for provisions or quarters than the rest of the force, and the 7th, 9th, and 10th, to the very last retained their superiority in numbers without receiving a single recruit from the disbanded regiments. Had the whole of the Legion been composed of Irish, instead of losing nearly a thousand men at Vitoria, we might not have lost a hundred. In spite of all their hardships, the severity of the winter, the badness of rations, the total want of pay, the Irish lived, throve, and grew fat, as if in the midst of clover—such are the advantages of misery and starvation at home!

Our regiment at Vitoria was, perhaps, the best off for quarters of any in the Legion. The Convent of Santa Cruz was a large and commodious building where the men were not overcrowded, and had, moreover, a sufficient number of beds to lie on; but some of the other regiments were in a miserable condition, in damp dismal churches and convents with hardly a bit of straw to keep them from the cold stones, suffering from sickness, from

badness of food, and the intense frost of winter.

The weather was certainly colder than ever I felt it in England, and was of that sharp, biting description that no appliances of cloaks or blankets availed to preserve a moderate degree of heat, and the unglazed windows and rickety doors of the rooms contributed not a little to the freezing temperature, by the admission of many a bitter blast. The situation of Vitoria is well calculated for an ice-house. In the midst of a plain of great extent, almost stript of tree or shrub, and girded by a belt of high mountains in the distance, the cutting winds of winter come sweeping along the level plain, and catching the town in full career, whistle up and down the streets in ruthless blasts, cutting like a scythe. The ground, frost-bitten and hard, presents a cheerless aspect for miles around—not actually covered with snow, but sugared over with a white hoar frost, which freezing the clods of the ploughed fields, and crystallizing on the branches of the few stunted trees that grow here and there,

gives the whole scene a look of deep, dark, profound winter, such as one might imagine at the North Pole. The roads, hard and ringing like a bell to a horse's tramp in the distance, are deserted, save when a solitary peasant muffled up in his cloak is seen crawling along like a benumbed fly that has outlived the summer. Not a bird is visible in earth or air, and silence reigns uninterrupted by living voice or motion, except by the sharp report of some prowling Carlist's musket. Sometimes a succession of reports for a few minutes announced a cavalry skirmish or affair of picquets in the plain—then all was hushed—and some wounded wretch would straggle into town staining the powdered snow at intervals with crimson drops of blood as he hobbled or was borne along. Occasionally a field-day or battalion-drill enlivened the dreary aspect of the plain, and the red-coats might be seen hopping over the fields in extended order, while a glittering line of pikes peering over a distant ridge marked a troop of lancers or a foraging party on the look out

for the enemy. Such exhibitions as these, however, did not often take place; the men in general were too sickly to be harassed with needless drills and exercises.

The amusements in Vitoria during this period were few and far between; none inclined to gaiety in the midst of typhus, and the Spaniards themselves appeared to be infected with the universal melancholy. The theatre, which I visited two or three times, was poor and badly attended, and the plays in general were very sad mirth. Promenade there was none when the quicksilver was below zero, and the Plaza of the town, that universal resort of Spaniards at nearly every season of the year, was deserted by everybody except a few officers who, rolled up in their cloaks and smoking their paper cigars, walked up and down for lack of other employment.

Frequently, by way of variety, there was a summons to mount guard at the city gates, and the unhappy subaltern had to resign himself to four-and-twenty hours' cold in a miserable guard-room, with a *brasero* at his feet

half-filled with ashes, that flew down his throat and choked him at every vain attempt to blow it into warmth. Three boards on a trestle for a bed, a rush-bottomed chair on two legs and a-half, with a copper lamp redolent of train-oil and verdigris, completed the furniture of these forlorn apartments; and here the unlucky officer of the guard had to sit during the day and night in nothing but his cloak, and with both ears open for an alarm of the field-officer's approach, when he had to cast off his cloak and all that made life endurable, and rush into the chilling fog to turn out the guard and present arms, with chattering teeth and frost-bitten fingers that were almost blistered by the icy touch of the sword-hilt. Oh, the miseries of guard-mounting at Vitoria!

During the winter, when no operations of magnitude were undertaken, the neighbouring hills used to be infested by small bodies of Carlists, chiefly lancers, who frequently descended into the plains as far as the very gates of the town, to the great danger of those who were caught straggling at a distance.

The British and Chapelgorris who fell into their hands, were mercilessly put to death, sometimes by means of tortures worthy of the North American Indians; but the Spanish troops of the line were saved by virtue, I believe, of the Eliot treaty, and after being kept for some time in prison, where they were treated with sufficient harshness, were frequently exchanged for an equal number of prisoners made by the Christinos.

On one of these occasions a small party of Carlist cavalry approached the Puerta de Francia within a quarter of a mile, and the officers riding a few paces in advance, waved a white handkerchief by way of signal to the guard at the gate to come out to a conference. Upon this, a troop of Spanish cavalry, that was stationed at the gate in readiness to act as circumstances might demand, sallied forth and mingled with the Carlists as freely as if they had been of the same regiment. The two officers had a short colloquy, after which they trotted off together to a small village a mile or two from the town, leaving the spec-

tators in some fear lest the eloquence of the Carlist had been of a nature to induce the Christino to desert with all his troop—a suspicion which was not likely to be removed by the general character of the Queen's officers, from her worthy Commander-in-Chief down to the youngest *alferez* in the service. In a short time, however, the officer returned, bringing with him a number of Christino prisoners, who the moment they were out of the clutches of the Carlists, gave them a volley of abuse, calling them *perros* and *ladrones*, and entered the town with cries of *Viva Isabel Segunda! Muera Don Carlos!* They were all in miserable plight, complaining bitterly of the treatment they had experienced, and venting many taunts and jests on the equally ragged detachment of Carlist prisoners on their way to join their comrades outside the city. The Carlist cavalry, as they were seen in the distance, appeared to be plainly but not ill dressed, with long lances and carbines, and mounted on little bob-tailed French horses.

It was about this time that an affair took place between some of our Lancers and a party of the enemy's cavalry, which made a good deal of noise in the garrison at Vitoria. Lieutenant Inman, of the 1st Lancers, with five or six men, attacked an equal number of Carlists that were in the habit of coming down in the grey of the morning to fire upon our sentries, and after giving chase for a considerable distance, came up with them on a hill-side, where they killed them all with the exception of the trumpeter who was taken prisoner, and the officer who escaped through the swiftness of his horse. The party returned to Vitoria with the captured horses, and paraded in the great square with the red caps of the discomfited Carlists on the points of their lances. For this act of individual gallantry, Lieutenant Inman received the thanks of both the Generals, together with the Cross of the Military Order of San Fernando.

The reports that were prevalent for some time after my arrival at Vitoria, respecting the future operations of the Legion, were

various and contradictory. At the *café*, which was the general resort of both Spanish and British officers, it was said first that an attack was meditated on Salvatierra, a small fortified town on the road leading to Pamplona; then again, that the Castle of Guevara, commanding one of the passes to Salvatierra, was about to be besieged; but the wiser portion of the army thought that nothing of importance would be attempted, or at least executed, before the approach of spring, as the severity of the weather rendered it almost impossible to act in the open country. The Lieutenant-General himself was absent for some weeks during the month of December, first at Burgos where there was a conference of Generals, Cordova and Alava being of the number, and afterwards I believe at Pamplona, from whence he returned in great haste on the evening of the 25th, having ridden hard all the way, and almost overtaken some of the Aides-de-camp who had been despatched several hours previously. This showed urgency of some sort, and all old soldiers who kept their weather-eye

open, began to make immediate preparations for a march.

About the beginning of January there was a general commotion in the Legion, and the Light Brigade, under Brigadier-General Reid, was sent in advance to occupy the villages of Lorriaga, Arcaute, and Ilarraza, three or four miles eastward of Vitoria, on the Salvatierra road. At length, on the 6th of January, the 1st Regiment left Vitoria for Arcaute, and the next day proceeded to Ilarraza, where the left wing remained while the right took possession of Cerio, a small village half a mile to the right of the high-road, the Light Brigade, consisting of the 3d, 8th, Rifles and Chapelgorris being in advance at Matauco, at which place a strong barricade of trees and stones was thrown across the road, and defended by a numerous piquet.

We remained scattered about by regiments and wings in these little villages, awaiting the arrival of the French Algerine Legion which had not yet reached Vitoria, until the 16th January, when the whole body of the British

Legion, together with the Chapelgorris and two regiments of Spanish cavalry, in all eight or ten thousand strong, made a move forward to the eastward on the road to Salvatierra, Cordova, with the bulk of the Spanish army and the French Legion, setting out at the same time in a northerly direction to attack the enemy on the heights of Arlaban, and if possible to drive them down upon us.

After marching about five miles along the high-road, and being in sight of the ancient Castle of Guevara mounted on its apparently inaccessible hill, the 1st Regiment struck off to the left towards the little village of Mendijur, which was in possession of the enemy, and our light company, gallantly led on by Lieutenant Scarman, fixed bayonets and tumbled into the place, driving the garrison out into a wood at the bottom of the hill on the Guevara side of the village, where they took post and commenced a brisk light infantry fire upon the assailants. The remainder of the regiment, in close column of companies, and supported by the 3d on the left, advanced

slowly up the hill already taken by our light company, and occupying the village, extended the grenadiers and two or three of the other companies behind the walls and hedges on the side of the hill towards the enemy, when there ensued a sharp fire of musketry between them and a strong body of Carlist tirailleurs in the wood below.

As we were marching up the hill to the village, I saw Captain Jochmus of the Staff ride to the rear with his face streaming with blood from a musket-shot that furrowed his forehead; and a few yards further on there was a serjeant of the 2nd Regiment lying dead on his face. This, together with the frequent whistling of balls in and out of the village, and the firing on the hill-side, made me think that we were about to come in serious collision with the enemy, especially as the large plain between Mendijur and Guevara was dotted in several places with Carlist battalions, who ever and anon deployed into line and fired by companies at the distance of more than a mile. There were also one or two squadrons of

Carlist cavalry, whose equanimity was sadly put to the test by certain rockets that were discharged from Mendijur with admirable precision by Colonel Colquhoun. The first fell a little short, and the tirailleurs in the wood with whom we were engaged, gave a shout of derision, accompanied by loud hurrahs in imitation of the English; but the second, and presently a third and fourth flew in rapid succession among the cavalry, knocking some of the men off their horses and setting the remainder scampering about in wild commotion over the field.

The enemy appeared alarmed at this, and withdrawing their skirmishers, closed into line and were retreating towards the Castle, without any attempt on our part to pursue, when they extended a fresh line into the wood, and again there ensued a brisk fire between them and the companies of our regiment that still remained on the hill-side. This was the first time that I saw Carlists with any distinctness; they approached at times so near that their features almost became distinguishable. When

my company first took up its position on the hill above the wood, seeing a number of men in grey coats and red caps, I took them for our own Chapelgorris, and more than once stopped the fire, thinking that it was all a mistake, till a sort of Spanish *Provincial* came up and swore that they were "*facciosos*," which added to the testimony of some bullets that came whizzing about our ears, overcame our scruples and caused us to commence a rattling fire. It was all chance work, and but little damage was done, as both parties were under good cover and could see little more than each others' heads. In the company of which I was lieutenant, one man had a shot through the crown of his shako, and another received a contusion on the hand.

As our object was merely to hold our ground, the fire on our part was suffered to slacken considerably, when about half-a-dozen of the Carlists rushed out of the wood, and crossing a bare patch of ground that intervened, made straight in our faces for a hedge about half way between us and the wood.

"Now, lads! now!" was the cry all through the company, and bang went all our muskets, some forty at least, at the adventurous six without dropping one of them, and rapidly skirting the hedge that ran up in an oblique direction to the wall behind which we were, they made their appearance at the end of the lane on our left flank, when they halted a moment irresolute whether to advance or retire. Upon this we gave a loud hurrah, and fixing bayonets charged down the lane and pursued them back to the wood, which we entered pell-mell among all the skirmishers, who seeing us come down upon them with cold steel and that another British regiment (the 3rd) was taking them in flank, retired somewhat precipitately and left us masters of the position. We pelted after them for a considerable distance, until the bugle to our great sorrow sounded the recal, upon which we fell back on the village, and as it was now getting dark, the troops collected together and marched quietly back to their old quarters at Ilarraza.

I merely relate the skirmish as it took place; the object of it, as we did not continue to occupy the village after the expulsion of the enemy, I am unable to discover. Perhaps it was intended to make a diversion while Cordova was doing something else in another quarter. At all events we reaped no benefit from it beyond that of putting our men in high glee at having driven the enemy so easily from a position where, if they had made a stand, they might have done us a good deal of damage. As it was, however, the loss in the whole force amounted to only one serjeant killed, one officer and three or four men wounded.

It was this affair, I believe, that gave occasion to a military authority in the House of Lords to declare as a fact that the Legion had suffered a total defeat before Guevara, and had moreover gone into action *drunk*.

The day after the skirmish of Mendijur (17th January) the Legion marched to Azua, a little village situated near the heights of Arlaban, and about two leagues and a-half E.N.E. of Vitoria. The 2nd Regiment occu-

pied the village on a small eminence; the 1st was stationed mid-way between it and a hill which was held by the Irish Brigade, and the remainder of the force, consisting of the Light Brigade and Chapelgorris with a strong body of Spanish infantry, took up its position at a great distance on the other side of an immense plain bounded by a hill of considerable magnitude.

Of Cordova and his army we saw nothing, but as he was spoken of as acting in concert with the Legion, it was presumed by those who had not official information, that he was to the north of Azua, with the Carlists between him and us occupying certain strong positions on the heights, from which it was his object to drive them into the plain below, where we were to pour down upon them, and together with the Spaniards, take them on three sides at once. Such, at least, was the plan as far as I could discover. Those who have been in a similar situation will be fully aware of the difficulty that besets a subaltern officer unconnected with the staff, in giving any thing

like an accurate or detailed account of the movements of an army, beyond what actually passes before his own eyes, and the inferences of his own judgment.

For three days and three nights we remained in this position, the only alteration being that in the evening the 1st Regiment withdrew into the village, leaving the others to bivouac on the hills, where they lighted innumerable fires which twinkling through the darkness of the night, gave a singular and beautiful appearance to the rugged scenery of the mountains. At dawn of day our regiment marched out to its former position, where the muskets were piled and the men allowed to lie down or saunter about in the immediate vicinity, so as to be ready to take arms at a moment's warning.

Before leaving Ilarraza, in conjunction with an officer who agreed to go halves with me in travelling expenses and luxuries, I had bought a pretty little mare of a *paisano* for twenty-five dollars, on whose back was slung a pair of saddle-bags—any thing but the *alforjas muy sutiles* of Don Quixote's godfather in chivalry

—containing all our worldly goods and chattels, with a havresack full of boiled beef and bread suspended at the saddle-bow. Often on a long march, Mora, for such was the name the Spaniards had bestowed upon her, besides carrying her masters' stock of shirts and boots, had to carry the wearers into the bargain—a duty which she performed with a sturdy activity known only to a Spanish pony. In quarters, Mora and her manifold owners were the dread of all the Spanish dragoons in the neighbourhood, for no sooner was she introduced into the stable, than a whole string of troop horses would be thrown into commotion, with a bellowing and yelling, intermingled with such shouts of *carajo!* and thwacks with a broom-stick from the enraged troopers, as surpass all description.

On the occasion of which I am speaking, Mora was away with the baggage-mules of the brigade in a field about half a mile to our right and close to the outskirts of the village. Mindful of the bag of "prog" that she bore, and seeing that all was quiet with the troops,

I walked away through a field or two, and distinguishing her features among the crowd of jackasses and mules, was regaling myself very much to my satisfaction with the cold meat, when a few pattering shots were heard at the further end of the field, and presently a troop of our Lancers dashed by at full gallop towards the spot from whence the reports proceeded. Curious to see the issue of the matter, I mounted Mora, and galloping in the rear of the cavalry, after scrambling through two or three hedges and ditches, came up with them just as they halted near a company of the 2nd Regiment, which immediately commenced a straggling fire at some invisible object beyond. I at first thought myself a fool for running my head into a fire when I had no business, but as I could discern no enemy, I pushed on with the Lancers, and saw a man of the 4th lying on the ground shot through the head, and a few paces from him a Carlist Lancer stretched on his back, *patas arriba*, while two or three Spaniards around him were feeling his pockets for money.

Struck by his appearance, I paused a moment to examine him more attentively. He was a fine, athletic man, full six feet high, with a stern soldier-like visage, and large mustachios that stuck off fiercely from his compressed lips; his eyes were glazed and turned up so as to show nothing but the white, and his hands spread abroad on each side, were strongly clenched as if still grasping a lance. A deep, black wound in the breast, from which the blood issuing in streams had deluged his face and collected in a pool below, proclaimed at once the cause of his death and the unerring flight of the bullet. His dress was a plain blue uniform coat with gray trousers; the sword and carbine had already been carried off by the spoilers, but the cartridge-box slung round the shoulder still remained, and contained two or three emaciated cartridges that were more for show than use. Round his neck was attached the large pad or cushion universally worn by the Spanish soldiery to give an appearance of fulness to the chest, and on it was pasted a portrait of the Virgin with a

small rosary that hung out of a secret pocket at the bottom. Had the bullet gone an inch more on one side, the cushion would probably have saved him, but it had just grazed the edge, and thrusting the pad out of its place, sunk deep in his right breast. Round the waist he had twisted one of those red sashes commonly worn by the peasantry, and into this the Chapelgorris were thrusting their busy hands in quest of plunder; but the unfortunate Carlist was as poor as a rat, and nothing was found upon him except a paper stained with blood, containing a requisition to the store-keeper of the regiment for rations for his wife and child.

This was the first time that I had come into such close contact with a Carlist, and looking curiously for a memento of the departed man, my eye lit upon a solitary spur attached to his heel, and taking the yet warm limb in my hands, I undid the buckle and transferred the heavy iron rowels to my own foot.

On inquiry as to the origin of the encounter, I learned that a party of the 4th were attacked

in a narrow lane by six or seven Carlist lancers who "hovering like hawks round a hill," had come down upon them unawares, and putting the raw recruits to flight, had ridden off with several mules loaded with baggage and stores. In the scuffle, one of the Englishmen had fallen, and immediately after the Carlist was struck from his horse by a shot from one of the runaways. The whole scene was one that would have afforded a capital subject for a Flemish picture of a skirmish. In the foreground were lying the two dead bodies, stiff and stark as I have described them, with the affrighted baggage-mules kicking off their loads and breaking away from the peasant who was vainly endeavouring to hold them in, while in the distance, the thin blue smoke of the recent volley furling away in eddying circles, showed glimpses of horse and foot hurrying in joint pursuit of the spoilers. The enemy, nevertheless, got off with their booty, and re-mounting my horse I slowly returned to the battalion, musing on the dead lancer of Azua.

In the meanwhile, Cordova with the whole of the Spanish army attacked the Carlists on the morning of the 17th, and heavy discharges of musketry continued to be heard with slight intermissions until the evening of the next day, when the firing ceased. By his own account, the Christino general appears to have been pretty successful the first day in his attempt to dislodge the enemy; but the following morning even from what he says himself in his bombastic despatches, and aided as he was by the French Legion, all that can be gathered is, that he was not beaten. Be the case as it may, we waited three days bivouacking on the hill-top, seeing nothing of Cordova or the Carlists, and hearing little beyond vague rumours of their operations, when suddenly on the morning of the 20th, the news came that the Commander-in-Chief had retreated to Vitoria, leaving us single-handed to cope with the enemy, and to effect a difficult retreat of many miles over a rough and broken ground, in face of a hostile force of twenty thousand men that had shown itself superior to the attacks of the whole Spanish

army! Some said that he was not defeated, but had merely miscalculated the resistance made by the enemy—a fact incontrovertible from the results; others declared that his commissariat had failed him, and that the troops could get no beef; others again laid the blame on the cold weather and the fog—but the long and the short of the matter came to this, that there was a screw loose *somewhere*, and that failing to do what was required, he let down the whole business, and spoilt the plan of the prettiest little *bataille rangée* since the manœuvring at Ligny and Waterloo.

The Legion in consequence was obliged to retire, which it fortunately was able to do before the enemy became aware of its critical situation, and falling back in the direction of Vitoria, took up its old positions at Matauco and Ilarraza.

And thus concluded the deeds of prowess of the Queen's army at Azua, in commemoration of which Cordova, it is said, has subsequently applied for and obtained the sonorous title of *Count of Arlaban*. Such flagrant folly carries

its own reward, and we exclaim with Persian emphasis "May his grave be sat upon by jackasses!"

An adventure occurred during the retreat, which would have told well in the pages of Le Sage or Cervantes. Spain is *par excellence* the land of mishaps and events, and during war time every step leads to something wild and singular. Among the herds of mares that are turned out by the peasants to graze on the mountains, was seen a horse saddled and bridled, and with a valise on the crupper, gambolling and playing with his half-wild companions. A troop of Spanish cavalry was leading the way for our battalion, and the moment he was perceived, they spurred off the road and gave chace, when after scampering over the hill-tops for some distance, and manœuvring with military dexterity to separate him from the herd, he was at length caught by the captain, who trotted back in triumph with his prize. On examination, it turned out that the horse belonged to the chaplain of a Carlist battalion, which having probably thrown its

rider, had made off to enjoy his liberty in company with the ragged mares of the neighbourhood.

Nor was this all. The story went, that the worthy chaplain had a law-suit respecting some property in Vitoria, which only required proof of his disloyalty to the Queen to be decided against him. For a long time nothing better than suspicions and surmises could be produced, for he was a wary priest and kept his secrets to himself, till at length the proof of his Carlism accidentally fell into the hands of his opponents, in the shape of a chaplain's commission signed by Don Carlos himself, which was found carefully deposited in a corner of the valise on the heights of Azua.

CHAPTER VI.

French Legion—Ilarraza — Fever—Causes of the Sickness—General Cordova—His Character and Appearance—Cerio—Night Alarm—Spanish Honesty—Castle of Guevara—Treviño—Peasant Girls—Instance of Corporal Punishment in the Spanish Army—Attack of Typhus—Death of Mora.

THE French Algerine Legion passed through Ilarraza on its return to Vitoria after the affair of Arlaban, in which it had borne a part. The men were fine tall fellows, but evidently from their light hair and sandy complexions, not all French. Poles, Belgians, and Germans compose the greater part of its numbers, but the officers are mostly French, and may be distinguished from the idle vagabonds of the Spanish army by a firmness of step and look of military hauteur which charac-

terize the true hard-handed soldier on a campaign.

They were dressed in long gray coats, with, if I recollect rightly, the red *garance* trousers of the French army, and small garden-pot caps, which looked somewhat singular after the top-heavy shakos of the British and Spanish. Most of the superior officers were tall swarthy men, whose faces bore testimony to the edge of the Moorish sabre, and were mounted on Arabian horses brought over from Algiers. Each battalion was provided with two or three small mountain-guns, which together with the carriages followed in the rear borne on the backs of mules. Altogether, the appearance of the Algerine Legion as it marched past in column of sub-divisions with fixed bayonets and the everlasting brass drums rattling at the head, was steady, firm, and soldier-like.

The village of Ilarraza is of some interest to a British soldier, as being the place where the battle of Vitoria finally terminated, and from whence Joseph with the wrecks of his army,

made a precipitate retreat in the direction of Salvatierra. A building of considerable magnitude called the *Palacio*, close to the side of the main-road, marks the spot where the last cannon-shots were fired upon the retreating French, and a large house at the entrance of the village is still pointed out as the place where the Duke of Wellington rested the night after the battle. This house during the stay of the Legion in the vicinity of Ilarraza, was occupied by Brigadier-General Chichester, and a difference of opinion existed as to whether the Brigadier's own room or that of his Aide-de-Camp, Capt. Knight, was the one in which the Duke had actually slept. I have been in both of the apartments, which are of a moderate size, and very well furnished for a Spanish country village.

The weather during the whole of the month of January was exceedingly damp and rainy, and this circumstance, together with the bad accommodations in the villages, did not tend to diminish the number of sick daily sent off on mules and waggons to the hospital at Vitoria.

To be provided in case of attack, the officers of each company were obliged to sleep by turns in the house where their men were lodged, and this, in addition to the numberless guards, picquets and patrols, caused the duty to fall very heavily upon the few who escaped the fever. Nine officers of our regiment alone were seized with the typhus during this and the following month, of whom three died and the remainder slowly recovered after having been brought to the brink of the grave. Money there was none, and the badness of the wine and rations added not a little to the sickness that prevailed. I have frequently had my own scanty pound of beef brought on the point of a bayonet, tough as an old shoe and reeking from the carcass of some wretched beast that had been slain the moment before; the bread, made of blighted corn, so soft and pasty that it would adhere like putty to the wall it was flung against; and the wine the filthiest compound of vinegar, pitch and log-wood that could be offered to a Christian man to swallow.

The result of such diet was dysentery, and those who were not carried off by the fever, were wasted to skeletons by the weakening effects of the disease. Our regiment as it fell in every morning for parade was more like an assembly of ghosts than a battalion of the full-fed, substantial-looking personages usually called British soldiers. Their spirit, however, was unbroken, and grumble as they might at the harsh and unfeeling conduct of a miserable government whose existence depended solely on the efficiency of the Legion, no sooner was there talk of an action than their eyes brightened with energy, and the ticking of locks and snapping of gun-flints told of the warm reception in preparation for the enemy. Ragged and shoeless, destitute as they were of every thing like comfort both in quarters and in the field, the arms were kept in a state that showed, that though the good faith of their allies might be suspected, and the treachery of the Spanish Commander-in-Chief put beyond a doubt, in their muskets and bayonets they still had friends that would not fail them

in the hour of need, and to which they could trust with implicit confidence to extricate them from any situation in which the course of events or the perversity of men might place them.

The wretchedness and misery of our men was the more striking from the contrast afforded by the Spanish troops, who were well clothed, well paid, well fed, and consequently in good health and capable of enduring any amount of fatigue. Those who were not aware of the causes of the sickness so prevalent in the Legion, or who were too idle to inquire into them, declared that "drunken dragoons," "diseased invalids," and the "scum of the earth" had been brought over to perish, from mere want of strength and stamina to resist the effects of the climate. That we had a number of men who came under the foregoing classes, is not to be denied; but to say that the whole of the Legion was composed of them, is a falsehood only to be swallowed by those whose interests blind them to every sense of justice and fair-dealing. Many were

healthy countrymen taken from the plough-tail; many were bog-trotting Irishmen, whose rosy looks gave evidence of their health and soundness of constitution; many were stalwart veterans of the British army, who had purchased their discharges or had gone through the usual term of service without injury to health or strength; many were Pedroites who had conquered Portugal from one extremity to the other—and now taking these different classes of men together, is it probable that an army composed of such materials would perish *needlessly* at Vitoria?—that men who were originally strong and healthy and in good spirits would lie down and die like sheep, *without a cause?* How comes it that at San Sebastian, at Santander, and at Bilbao there was no disease? that for five months after the landing of the Legion there was no disease? that during a long and harassing march from Bilbao to Vitoria, there was no disease? but that at Vitoria, in quarters and with nothing to do, the fever and dysentery should break out, and after affecting the whole of the Legion,

should carry off ten hundred of our men? Are we to ascribe this sudden mortality to the broken down constitutions of the soldiers, or to the effects of bad food, bad pay, and bad treatment?

It was during our stay at Ilarraza that I had an opportunity of seeing Cordova, who frequently rode through the village with his staff to visit the outposts and reconnoitre the country. On one occasion he dismounted for a quarter of an hour in front of the *Palacio*, and, curious to have a closer view of the Spanish god of war, I mingled in the crowd of officers standing a few paces apart, and beheld the victor of Arlaban. He was a small, slightly-made man, stooping somewhat in the shoulders, and with a face expressive of nothing save a look of languid discontent to which a sharp twinkling eye gave the characteristic air of a Jew clothes-dealer. His gait and manners were slow and sauntering, and impressed the spectator with the idea of a man shattered with disease or enervated by dissipation. His dress on the three occasions that

I happened to view him minutely, was uncouth and slovenly, consisting of a long brown *redingote* that by its want of shape and fit reminded me of Paganini's, and a scarlet cloth waistcoat closely buttoned to the chin by a single row of gilt buttons; a small cocked-hat stuck on one side of the head, with a cockade expressive of the loyalty wanting in his heart; and a pair of worsted hose or leggings strapped below the knee, with large silver spurs buckled on the heels.

When I first saw him at Ilarraza, he wore a regulation sword of the British Legion, but afterwards used one of different manufacture. The red waistcoat, however, seemed to be a great favourite, as he seldom appeared without it even on grand occasions. He wears no beard or whiskers, but indulges in a pair of stunted mustachios on the upper lip, which adds to the expression of languid *nonchalance* predominant in his countenance. In a word, see Luis Fernandez de Cordova in a crowd, without knowing him to be Duke of Mendi-

gorria and Count of Arlaban, and he would be taken for a sickly attorney or a discontented tailor.

Profligate in his manners, and destitute of talents as a soldier, he possesses no one moral quality except a restless ambition, backed by a species of intriguing cunning in which any diplomatic *attaché* would be his match. Hated by most of his generals, who upbraid him with the want of mere personal courage, he is looked upon by the army as a man who to gain his own dirty ends is ready to betray them into the hands of the enemy, and who by virtue of his rank and exalted position is carrying on a traffic in the flesh and blood of his soldiers, to make an accommodation with the enemies of his sovereign and preserve his rank and influence in the country. The command that he possesses over the weak and misguided woman at the head of the government is so great, that he is frequently spoken of as the successor of Muñoz, whenever God or an assassin please to take him from the world; and his known hostility to Liberalism,

points him out as not without influence in the ranks of the Carlist party. Thus let affairs turn out as they may, it is a matter of small concern to the Hero of Mendigorria, who plays the cards of each party, and laughs at both.

The opinions here put forward on the character and honesty of Cordova, are shared by nine-tenths of the honest Liberals in Spain. Let his conduct since his appointment to the chief command be examined, and no man possessed of a grain of common sense can acquit him either of treachery or incapacity. Has he met the enemy on equal terms?—a retreat has been the consequence. Has an advantage been gained?—he has refused to follow it up. His first advance upon Arlaban was signalized by a retreat which appeared to have no object but to betray the Legion into the hands of the enemy. His second, in which he appears to have beaten the enemy on several points, was suddenly terminated by an invitation to a ball at Madrid, and that at a time when the success of the Auxiliaries in the

North required a push to be made on all sides to improve the advantage. Returned from Madrid, his first object was to set on foot a marriage between the young Queen and the son of Don Carlos—a proposal which when it was rejected by the winning party, has vainly been attempted to be passed off as a false report. The only ministry which was calculated to benefit the country he has contrived to upset, and now he and Isturitz go hand in hand in the task of securing the regeneration of Spain.

Who that witnesses these scenes of intrigue and profligacy at Madrid, can feel concerned if *un beau matin* the Carlists were to march upon the capital and annihilate the government which has so long possessed the power, but wanted the courage to put an end to the war. "*La poire n'est pas encore mûre,*" as Napoleon was fond of saying; but its maturity will certainly be hastened if such an event as has just been alluded to should take place. As the fear of a foreign or domestic enemy was more or less strong during the times of

the French republic, so did the number fluctuate of heads that fell on the scaffold in Paris; and when the successes of the Vendeans threatened the safety of the capital, then was the hatred of the ancient government in France at its highest pitch. Who shall say, that what occurred in France, shall not take place in Spain? Who shall prophesy that the events which led to the French republic shall not be productive of a revolution as deep, as universal, and as lasting in the Peninsula?

About a mile from Ilarraza, and at some distance from the high-road, is the little village of Cerio, which, standing on a small eminence protecting the flank of the line of villages occupied by the British, was garrisoned by the right wing of the 1st Regiment, while the left remained in their old quarters. As the company to which I belonged was of the right wing, I was obliged to endure a removal from the lodgings into which I had nestled with some degree of comfort, and recommence my search for a billet in the midst of all the snow and sleet that attended the

march of the four companies into the village.

The first night or two no better bed was to be found than an old manger full of straw, into which I crept greatly to the amusement of the *patrona*, who in spite of her religious feelings, could not help hinting at a parallel passage in Scripture history, and laughing at the contrast between the holy babe encircled with a glory, and the red-coated Englishman in a white nightcap. A friend of mine who was more successful in his hunt after good quarters, invited me to a little house occupied by an honest, good-looking *paisano* and his wife, in which there was a small room with a bed at our disposal. The people of the house were very kind and civil, and we in return did all in our power to render ourselves agreeable lodgers. The large fire blazing in the chimney of the kitchen was an attraction that brought us round it every evening for the purposes of warming our chilled fingers and cooking the rations, when the good-natured couple invariably joined in the conversation

and aided us to the utmost of their means in procuring the utensils which, though requisite for us, were not always to be found in the scanty *batterie de cuisine* of a Spanish cottage. A little bread cut into a *puchero* full of hot water in which a few peas or a small piece of pork had previously been boiled, formed their usual evening repast; and coffee and even chocolate were rarities in which they seldom if ever indulged. I recollect once making some coffee for myself, and hearing the *patrona* ask her husband with some curiosity whether he was acquainted with the composition of *that* black mixture. On his expressing his ignorance, I poured her out a cupful which she tasted with some hesitation, and handing the remainder to her husband with an air of relish, remarked that it tasted of burnt chesnuts—"*castañas quemadas.*"

Altogether I did not find the Spanish so intractable in matters of eating and drinking as might be expected from their prejudice against everything foreign. No muleteer on the road but would run after Cheshire cheese, or an

English beef-steak, as delicacies of the first class; and at Bilbao a grave Spanish captain of grenadiers got quite fuddled with bottled porter, which he had never tasted before, but liked so much after the first glass, that he swallowed a second, third, and fourth, till at length he declared his inability to find his way home, and called upon us to execute that duty for him. From what I have seen of Spanish temperance, I should say, that it is as much the result of poverty as of natural inclination, and am somewhat disposed to give credit to the assertion of Lithgow, an old traveller, who wrote on Spain somewhere about the commencement of the seventeenth century, and who assures us that "the Spaniard is of a spare diet and temperate if at his own cost he spend, but if given gratis he hath the longest tusks that ever played at table."

Our stay at Cerio was not of long duration, and was terminated in a manner which will never be effaced from my memory. I and my friend had gone to bed after a rainy day which had increased the mud in and about the vil-

lage to a perilous depth, and were luxuriating in all the pleasures of a comfortable mattress, when just as we had wrapped ourselves in Sancho's "blanket of sleep," a repeated knocking at the door mingled in our dreams as the rumbling of distant thunder or the surge of the roaring ocean.

"C——," said I, in the first moments of disturbed somnolency, "there's a knock at the door." "Pooh, nonsense, it's only the artillery going by," snored my companion turning on his side—"go to sleep, I hear nothing." Willing to be persuaded, I turned on my side also, and was on the point of again dropping into a profound slumber, when a loud rattling knock convinced us of its reality and caused us to start upon our feet to discover the reason.

"Sir! gentlemen!" shouted the hated voice of a corporal, "the regiment has fallen in—it's just marching off"—and throwing open the shutter of the window to ascertain the truth of the assertion, we heard the heavy tramp of men in the dark and the startling sounds of "right turn, left wheel," as the companies

passed the corner of our house and entered the long muddy lane leading to Ilarraza.

"What merry lives we lead that soldiers be,"

thought I, as hastily slipping on my stockings and boots, I recollected that not a single preparation had been made for the march, and that our scattered garments were lying about the floor, the saddle-bags unpacked, the kitchen fire out and no light to be got, and Mora herself fast asleep in her stall. In this extremity awakening the host and hostess, we commended our goods and chattels to their care, with the assurance that we should return for them early the next morning, though at the same time we did not know but that we might be starting for the other end of Spain; and begging them with all the affection of Sancho for his Dapple to take care of Mora, we set off in pursuit of our companies just as the rear-guard was leaving the village.

My boots were unlaced, for it was impossible to fasten them in the darkness and hurry; and as I plunged ancle-deep into the cold mud,

one of them stuck fast in a foot-mark, and I spent five minutes groping about for it on my hands and knees, greatly to the detriment of a pair of white gloves which had been put on as if for the occasion. The straggling boot at length was found, and all wet and slippery I thrust my foot into it, and again made off for my company, which I overtook as it was entering Ilarraza.

Arrived in the village we found the remainder of the regiment drawn out on the high road, and the Brigadier in a great bustle telling off a party of ten to this house, twenty to that, pointing out one quarter as the *point d'attaque* and another as the *point d'appui*. We discovered that an attack was meditated on the cantonments by the Carlists, and that we had been recalled from Cerio in order to concentrate the forces. A troop of Spanish Dragoons was quartered at the time in the village, and the Captain hearing of the alarm, had begged that a party of infantry might be placed in his house to defend the horses. Twenty men were picked out for this service,

and I was put in command as being able to speak Spanish, whereupon I bid the worthy Captain "God save him," and marched off to his quarters perfectly satisfied that of all those who had been so unceremoniously turned out of bed at Cerio, I had gained the best billet in the village.

In this confidence I was not mistaken, for he led me to the house of the Cura or village priest (reader, if ever thou shouldst make a campaign in Spain, or indeed in any country, and require a good lodging, ask for the priest's house), where I posted a sentry at each window, and retired to the bed-room with the Spanish Captain. He was a tall, handsome, aristocratical-looking man, and more like a dashing English cavalry officer than any I had met in Spain. He asked me a number of questions about the difference between Spanish and English tactics, and appeared to be somewhat struck when I told him that in the cavalry we went "threes right" and "threes left" as they did. He was very curious as to what we thought of the war, and whether in

our opinion it was just or unjust. I replied of course that we all thought it a base and infamous war on the part of Don Carlos, and that but for Cordova it would have been long since terminated. He fully agreed with me in the latter particular, and with regard to the general character of Spanish officers compared with French and English, made use of this remarkable expression—"*El oficial Frances é Ingles tiene honor; el Español no tiene nada*"—"the French and English officer possesses a sense of honour; the Spanish has none." After answering all his queries to his satisfaction, he said that the best thing we could do would be to go to sleep, to which I fully assented.

As soon as possible the next day I hastened to Cerio, where I found Mora munching a feed of Indian corn, and everything remaining in the bed-room as we had left it. To the honour of a Spanish peasant be it said, that although he might have betrayed all we had to the Carlists without the chance of being punished, as he could easily excuse himself by saying that

he was not accountable for the acts of an enemy, there was not the smallest thing missing. Immediately on our leaving the house, he had locked up the room, and returned us the things next morning without having so much as touched them.

Previous to the final departure of the Legion from Ilarraza, we marched to Guevara, about four or five miles distant, to protect the passage of Espartero through the defile commanded by the Castle into the country neighbouring to Salvatierra. Our regiment marched close to the foot of the hill on which the Castle is built, and were enabled from its position to distinguish the Carlists hard at work at a stockade at one extremity, and repairing the battlements on another face. The building is in the Gothic style, and is believed to be of some antiquity.

In consequence of the elevated situation, I should think that it was beyond the reach of artillery from the base of the hill, and to drag the pieces up to the summit, so as to be on a level with the Castle, would be an affair of

extreme danger and difficulty in the face of a resolute enemy. On approaching near, a black flag was hoisted on the highest tower, and the workmen paused a moment to gaze upon the British troops below. We were in momentary expectation of a salute of twenty-four pounders, being quite within reach of cannon from the height, but they continued their work without attempting any annoyance.

On the 30th of January the Legion quitted Ilarraza, and passing through Vitoria, marched to Treviño, a small town situated on the banks of the Aya, and about eighteen miles south of Vitoria. This town had formerly been garrisoned by the Christinos, but in the month of May, last year, was stormed by the Carlists, led on by Zumalacarregui in person, who advanced at the head of his men with a hatchet in his hand to cut his way through the barricades thrown across the street. As usually happened in cases where the enemy attacked with vigour, the Queen's troops retired at the first onset, and shut themselves up in the forti-

fied church, where, of course, there was nothing to be done but to surrender as prisoners of war. At a time when the firing was rather hot on the part of the regular troops, the Carlists having gained a footing in the two houses on each side of the street, at the further extremity, broke through the partition-walls, and thus contrived to work their way into the very heart of the town, without being exposed to the fire of the enemy. The room in which I was quartered had two holes recently bricked up, in one of the walls, large enough to admit a man, and through which the Carlists had effected an entrance into the adjoining house.

Our object in occupying Treviño was to hold the town until it could be fortified so as to be intrusted to the Spaniards, who, like Turks and all bad troops in general, fight best behind walls. The town, which is nothing but a single street built on the road, was fortified by a barricade erected at the postern gate at each extremity; and a high hill which rises immediately behind and commands all the surrounding country, was crowned by a small redoubt

or breastwork for infantry, while a battery of two six or eight pounders was established halfway down at an old cemetery overlooking one of the approaches to the town. In front is the river Aya, which though fordable in many places, is yet of a rapidity that would greatly impede an attacking force, exposed as it would be to the battery at the cemetery, and to a galling fire of musketry from the opposite line of houses.

The duty here was very hard, and the guards and picquets on the hill-top, at the cemetery, and elsewhere, innumerable. The three British regiments took the duty by turns, one of them furnishing the fatigue-parties for the works the first day, mounting the guards the second, and devoting the third day to manœuvres and drilling, after which its turn came round for working at the fortifications. In this manner, superintended by the Spanish engineers, the town was speedily put into a good state of defence, the church fortified and transformed into a citadel, and a covered way erected leading from the church to the ceme-

tery, by which the garrison was to retire in case of necessity, and make another stand at the battery.

In order to carry on the fortifications with greater rapidity, a number of peasant girls and men were employed on the hill, whose business it was to mix the mortar and carry it up to the workmen. Though paid a small sum daily for their labour, the service was in some measure compulsory, as the Spanish authorities were empowered to confine those who refused to work when required. I was made aware of this fact by remarking one night the absence of the old man of the house, and on asking his wife the reason, she replied with a laugh, that he had turned restive and refused to comply with the requisition to work for the good of his country, whereupon the *alcalde* had committed him to jail, by way of sharpening his patriotism. I offered to use my interest with the Spanish captain of engineers, whom I was acquainted with, but she appeared to be in no hurry to have her liege lord back again, and said "by-and-by—all in good time." Two

nights spent in the *cárcel* overcame the old gentleman's dislike to engineering, and he at length consented to mix and carry the mortar, but with a very bad grace, as was apparent from his frequent invectives against the Christinos, who were troubling him to raise fortifications which they had not the courage to defend.

Whenever I was on picquet at the hill-top, I used to pass the time in observing the movements of the peasant girls employed in carrying up hods of mortar to the redoubt. None were above twenty years of age, and several of them strikingly handsome, with fine olive-carnation complexions and large sparkling eyes, shaded by long, dark, and pencilled eyebrows. It certainly moved my heart to compassion to see them filling the hods with their delicate fingers, and toiling up the steep ascent with a slow but elastic step. Nevertheless, they appeared to be inured to the work, and aware of the fruitlessness of resistance, submitted to it with the greatest cheerfulness, ever and anon starting the mountain echoes with peals of merry

laughter. Sometimes one would pause, and resting the hod on her knee, look up with an air of good-humoured vexation, saying "*Mucho trabajo, pobrecita* (much work, poor little thing), until disturbed by the clamorous demand of the Spanish serjeant for "*barro! barro!*" (mortar). Occasionally, after emptying their hods, two or three gathered together in a knot gossiping with one another or with the Spanish soldiers at work, and on the first approach of the serjeant, would start off to their duty with the speed of lightning, joking him on his severity as they passed. At sunset when the bugle from the town sounded a cessation of labour, the signal was hailed with wild shouts of delight that mocked the clearness of the notes floating up the valley; and throwing aside their implements, they darted down the mountain side with screams of laughter, playing such joyous gambols by the way as were a pleasure to behold. Surely there is something in southern blood that smacks of the juice of the vine. Whoever saw our beer-drinking reapers break through

the natural phlegm of their tempers in so much lightness of heart?

It was during my stay at Treviño that I witnessed an instance of corporal punishment among the Spanish troops. I was looking out of my window one morning, and saw in a field at some distance two or three companies of Spanish infantry drawn up in line. From their situation and the silence that pervaded the men, I suspected what was going forward, and watched to see the event. Presently the drummer stept forward and laying his drum on the ground in front of the line, a couple of soldiers who were standing apart from the rest, proceeded to take off their accoutrements, and knelt down *with their coats on* by the side of the drum. Upon this about half-a-dozen men fell out with short sticks in their hands, and advancing one by one inflicted five or six strokes a-piece between the shoulders of the culprits, who after the operation was over, very coolly got up, put on their belts, and returned to their places in the ranks. The blows, though few in number, were given

pretty smartly, as I distinctly heard them from a considerable distance; and when one of the men did not strike hard enough, I saw the officer go up and give him a cuff on the head to make him "do his duty."

Corporal punishment, though legal in the Spanish army, is very seldom resorted to. They used to look with horror on our military floggings, and declared that a single instance of such punishment on a Spaniard would raise a mutiny throughout the whole army. I have seen the men, who when excited would not hesitate to commit any barbarity, almost cry and faint at the sight of a lacerated back and bloody lash.

Shortly after this event the fever, which so long had held aloof and let me pass scot-free, made a fierce but unsuccessful attack which gave me a taste of the sufferings of those who were more seriously afflicted. I felt myself rather unwell one day towards the close of February, after coming off picquet, and awoke the next morning in a roaring fever which hardly left me strength to tell my servant to

go for the doctor. In the interim I took a strong dose of calomel at a venture, and awaited the arrival of the doctor with great impatience, when I found that he was too busily engaged in the hospital to come just then.

At that time the surgeon of my regiment was on the point of death from fever; the assistant-surgeon was at Vitoria with the sick that had been left behind, and those of the other regiments in garrison at Treviño were either dead or dying. A solitary staff-surgeon was the only one able to do duty, and he had his hands so full of business that he could not spare time to come and see me for more than twelve hours after I was taken ill. As the fever increased, I grew more impatient, and after sending a dozen times in vain, I intimated to him that if he did not choose to come immediately I would report him to head-quarters, and have him hanged for manslaughter. Upon this he attended, felt my pulse, and out of revenge gave me a most rattling dose of physic, which had the effect of

reducing the fever, and the next morning I found myself quite cool and well, but so weak that I could hardly crawl across the room for several days after.

This illness, which I look upon as a fierce attempt of the typhus to add me to its list of victims, was the only one I experienced during my stay in Spain, and doubtless was solely repelled by the strong dose of calomel backed by the vigorous measures of the indignant doctor.

Those who heard of my sickness, had already booked me as a passenger to the other world, and the report went three several times to Vitoria that I was dead and buried. On my recovery, I was rallied by my companions, who declared that my sickness was the result of grief for the death of Mora, who hanged herself in a halter in the stables a few days before I was taken ill. I was on guard in the town when my little servant came to me with tears in his eyes to communicate the sad intelligence of her decease, and hastening to the stable, I found poor Mora, who had borne me safely

through all the dangers of Mendijur and Arlaban, lying on her back, with her four legs stiff in the air, and the halter tight round her neck and entangled in the fore foot. She was still warm, and I attempted to resuscitate her by running the point of my sword through her ear to draw blood, and as a last resource, poured a canteenful of *aguardiente* down her throat, but, as the penny-a-line men say, "all our efforts were unavailing, as the vital spark was extinct."

CHAPTER VII.

Join the 9th Regiment.—Its appearance and discipline.—St. Patrick's Day.—Foronda.—Drumming out.—Execution at Vitoria.—Departure of the Legion from Vitoria.—Racing on the road.—Oña.—Royal Monastery.—Inscription on the Tombs.—Meditations on a cliff.—Disagreeable bed-fellow.—Arrival at San Sebastian.

A FEW days after the events detailed in the foregoing chapter, I was promoted to a company in the 9th Regiment (Irish) which was quartered at Arriaga, within a mile of Vitoria, where I joined on the 13th March, after passing a day or two in Vitoria to refit and buy me another horse. The sickness still continued to a terrible extent, and I hurried out of the town as soon as possible to breathe the purer air of the village, and was much struck by the healthy and well-conditioned appearance of the men in comparison with the English regiments at Treviño. The Irish had contrived to grow fat and prosper upon

food that had poisoned the rest of the troops, and amid the general sickness of the Legion, appeared like an *oasis* of health on which it was pleasant to dwell. While the men of other regiments were crawling about in great coats, cooking some miserable fragments of rations at a smoky fire, the Irish were strutting about in the sunshine, playing at leap-frog, and pitching stones as if they were still among the bogs of the Emerald isle.

The first time I marched my company on parade, they fairly walked away from me with a vivacity to which I had long been a stranger. The manœuvres, too, were executed with a smartness that was perfectly delightful after the slow plodding of the sickly English, and the "charge" (when we came to it) was like a row at Donybrook fair, the fastest first, and "devil take the hindmost," yelling and screaming like a parcel of Bedlamites broken loose. It was only by dint of threats and remonstrances that we at length succeeded in taming down the *bouillante jeunesse* of the

Irish brigade to something like the firm, steady, phalanx-like movement of a well-executed charge of infantry.

St. Patrick's Day, of course, was celebrated with all the usual honours by every Irishman in Arriaga. A *peseta* was given to each man to make merry with, on condition that they did not exceed the limits of the village; and the drums and fifes paraded up and down the road, followed by a confused multitude of soldiers dancing and flinging up their caps to the tunes of "St. Patrick's Day," and "Sprigs of Shilelah," greatly to the astonishment of the Spaniards who had walked out of town to see what was going forward at Arriaga. On this occasion, when there might have been some pretext for it, there scarcely occurred a single case of drunkenness in a battalion of between six and seven hundred men, and certainly not one of riot or insubordination. The guard-house was as clear of prisoners the day after as before the holiday.

On the 20th of March there was a general move of the whole Legion, and it was expected

that something was going to be done in conjunction with Cordova. The 9th and 10th Regiments were quartered in Foronda, a pretty little village four miles north of Vitoria on the Bilbao road, and the others were scattered about in the different hamlets between us and the city. Three battalions of Carlists had marched out of Foronda the day before our arrival, and "the king" passed through with all his staff only three days before. I asked a woman who had seen him, what sort of a person he was, and she shook her head as if his outward appearance did not belie his inward graces.

Foronda was a place that we quitted with regret, for the accommodation for troops that it afforded was excellent. It was a collection of large, detached, stone-built houses, that in more peaceable times had evidently belonged to country squires who had quitted their abode for one of greater security, leaving the houses in charge of a peasant and his wife to look after the furniture during the time they might be occupied by troops. There was a large

village-green in front of the church, something in the English style, with a spreading tree in one corner, and a broad, shallow river murmuring past the church porch, over which was a small stone bridge, where on fine spring days people were wont to congregate. On one side was a ridge of small hills covered with heath and furze, and abounding in rabbits and partridges, and on the other lay fields of springing corn that extended as far as the gates of Vitoria. The walks in the neighbourhood were perfumed with violets that grew in abundance in the hedge-bottoms, and together with the quantity of cowslips blooming in the fields and the sky-larks that for the first time in Spain I had observed singing in the air, gave the whole scene a look of England.

The house in which I and my company were quartered was large and commodious, and one of the best in the village. The men occupied the whole of the apartments with the exception of two, one a large sitting-room containing a couple of ancient portraits of a wigged hero in armour and a fair lady with powdered hair and a

shepherdess's crook, and the other a bed-room with the luxuries of a fire-place and two very good beds. After the habitations of Ilarraza and Treviño, it was indeed a blessing to get into moderately comfortable quarters, and between my horse and my company I contrived to pass away the time very agreeably at Foronda.

The enemy continued very quiet during the greater part of March and April, and rarely molested us with even a false alarm. Occasionally, three or four lancers would be seen to hover about the hills in the vicinity, but they seldom ventured to attack any one, and the road to Vitoria was perfectly safe for small parties and even single persons. The weather was a curious mixture of spring and winter, which changed the aspect of the country with every variation of temperature. One day the sun shone warm and bright, the sky was clear, and the flowers were springing up of every hue; the next it was piercingly cold, flooded with rain, and the whole country damp, bleak, and desolate.

It was on a day of this last description that

we plodded over a number of ploughed fields, knee-deep in mud, to witness the ceremony of "drumming out," inflicted on a private of the 7th Regiment convicted of robbery. After receiving only half the number of lashes to which he had been sentenced by a General Court Martial, with a halter round his neck and a loaf of bread in his hands, he was set in the road leading to the enemy's lines, and dismissed as a fitting recruit to the Carlists. As he passed through the ranks of his own regiment, he cast a rueful glance on each side at his former comrades, who whispered their remembrances to Don Carlos. We watched him as he slowly wended on his miserable errand in the midst of the drizzling rain, until he gradually disappeared over the brow of a neighbouring hill.

Towards the close of the month of March an execution took place in Vitoria, which excited considerable interest among the troops and inhabitants on account of the singular circumstances attending the case. A baker named Jose d'Elozegui, who I believe had

furnished the rations of bread for the army from the time of its leaving San Sebastian, had been bribed by the Carlists to incite the British Legion to desertion. He had already prevailed upon several individuals to decamp, when he was caught together with another Spaniard in the act of conducting a party of British Lancers to the enemy's lines. The two traitors were tried by a Spanish Court, and condemned to be strangled in the public square by means of an iron ring that contracts with a screw. The instrument is called *garrote*, and the punishment is looked upon as purely civil, like that of hanging in England.

Out of curiosity I determined to witness the scene, and in company with several other officers set off on horseback to Vitoria, where we found a crowd assembling, and the scaffold in the process of being erected. The 2nd Regiment of Lancers held the ground on one side of the square, and the Rifles and 3rd Grenadiers occupied the remainder. The windows of the houses were filled with spectators, and the steps of the church at one extremity of the

opening lined with Chapelgorris and soldiers off duty, who gathered in knots on the tops of walls and on every spot that afforded an inch of footing. I noticed that with the exception of a few women of the lowest class, not a female was discernible in the crowd. The scaffold consisted of a small elevated platform, through which were driven a couple of posts at the distance of a few feet apart. At the bottom of each was a small wooden stool on which the culprit sat, with his back leaning against the upright post. A small iron ring was let into the floor, through which was drawn a piece of rope to tie the feet of the condemned.

The execution was to take place at three o'clock. A few minutes before the time, the two executioners arrived dressed in black, and after making the necessary preparations and laying the fatal *garrote* on the scaffold, together with a large white handkerchief, descended the steps mounting to the platform, and with folded arms walked silently up and down the square in expectation of the signal.

Being on horseback, I placed myself behind

the ranks of the soldiers and edged my way to the scaffold, where I had a plain view of the whole of the proceedings. The silent expectation of the vast concourse was growing somewhat oppressive, when the church clock struck three, and a strange qualm passed over me as the distant tap of the drum announced the approach of the condemned. Gradually the sound grew louder, and a file of glittering bayonets waving to and fro with the short measured steps of the soldiers, marked the approach of the *cortège* as it threaded its way with difficulty through the dense multitude. At length it emerged into the open square, and the persons of the culprits became visible. They walked bare-headed between two priests, with their hands devoutly crossed and holding a book, in which they read without evincing any emotion at the sight of the apparatus of death. Arrived at the foot of the steps, they halted, and turning their backs to the scaffold, appeared engaged in fervent prayer, in which both of the executioners joined with uplifted hands. The baker, a pale good-looking man, was the first to

mount the ladder, which he did with a slow but decided step, and sitting down on one of the stools, kissed two or three times a large wooden crucifix presented to him by a gaunt friar, who looked the very image of a familiar of the ancient Inquisition. One of the executioners approached, and taking off the culprit's cravat, opened the breast of his waistcoat, and placed the iron ring so as to encircle his neck and the post, the long handle of the screw projecting behind within reach of the assistant, who stood ready to turn it at the given signal. For the first time, the unhappy prisoner betrayed a slight emotion as he felt the cold iron clasping his neck, and a flush passed over his forehead, which instantly vanished and left him deadly pale. Recovering himself, he kissed the cross with fervency, and the chief executioner hiding his face with the white handkerchief, gave the signal to the other. Two twists of the screw contracting the ring to half its former circumference — a slight trembling in the fingers and a heaving of the chest—and all was over. A loud *Viva!* from the surrounding

soldiery rent the air, and caused a violent shudder in the remaining victim, who with clasped hands and averted eyes was repeating his *Pater-noster* with a rapidity that showed his trepidation.

It was evident that he was holding out for life by repeated prayers, and the scene became disgustingly painful. Confession after confession he poured into the ear of the priest, and made every succeeding revelation the means of spinning out the time. In spite of all his efforts, the fatal moment arrived when his prayers were repeated and nothing further left to confess. Aided by the executioner he mounted the scaffold with a faltering gait, and shutting his eyes to avoid the sight of the dead body of his companion, he suffered himself to be led to the remaining stool, where his feet were made fast to the ring as in the preceding instance. When the instrument was put round his neck, his firmness again seemed to give way, and he made a sign to the priest to come up to receive his last words. A sudden turn of the screw cut him short, and he expired

instantaneously, when a second *Viva!* long, loud, and triumphant, burst from the assembled multitude.

I was surprised to see what little alteration was visible in the countenances of the deceased after the operation. When the handkerchief was removed, there was at first in both of them a slight purple flush, similar to that arising from intoxication, which, however, quickly passed away, and left their faces of the natural complexion. There was no distortion of feature, and the only thing that distinguished them from persons calmly sleeping in a chair was the fixed rigidity of the muscles, together with an unusual protuberance of the chest caused by the pressure of the ring.

The moment the execution was over, there was a general hum all over the square of pent-up feelings finding a relief from the unnatural excitation of the scene, and the lancers spurring forward with a grateful clang of arms and iron hoofs, rode one by one past the foot of the scaffold, and followed by the masses of infantry, trooped briskly through the gate of the square.

Our stay in the neighbourhood of Vitoria was not of long duration after this. The plan of campaign with which Cordova had been amusing us for the last five months, at length turned out to be nothing, and General Evans came to the determination to trust to his own resources, and act independently of a Commander-in-Chief whose conduct had been marked by such infirmity of purpose. It was with the greatest joy that we heard of this resolution, and the hopes of leaving Vitoria tended greatly to raise the spirits and recruit the health of the Legion. On all hands preparations for the march were made with an alacrity that proved to the Spanish General and the inhospitable town of Vitoria, that any delay in the departure of the Legion would not arise from unwillingness to leave them. San Sebastian was announced to be our place of destination, and the road to Santander was pointed out as the route to be adopted by the Legion.

The Light Brigade, under Colonel Tupper, set out a day or two before the Irish, who fol-

lowed on the 13th of April passing through La Puebla, Miranda, Cubo, Oña, Quintana, Soncillo, and Alceda to Santander, in the vicinity of which we halted on the 21st. The weather, which previous to our departure had been very unfavourable, suddenly cleared up and continued beautifully fine during the whole of the march.

On entering Vitoria from Foronda, the Brigade formed into open columns of sub-divisions, and marched through the town with the greatest steadiness and regularity. On finally clearing the Santa Clara gate, the Irish raised a simultaneous yell of satisfaction and reproach which told the drowsy inhabitants of their departure. If anything could move their apathy, such an expression of delight was well calculated to have that effect. We had entered Vitoria a fine army; we quitted it a miserable and sickly remnant. A thousand gallant men, who four months ago were full of life and hope, slept under the sod of the plains, and numbers yet remained in the hospitals, labouring under the effects of the fever. Those that had escaped,

were leaving the tomb of their brethren, and as they quitted the town they "shook off the dust from their feet for a testimony against it."

Our route lay through nearly the same places that I had previously visited in the month of November, with the exception of Burgos which we avoided by striking off to the northward before reaching Briviesca. As we were not pressed for time, we took the matter coolly, and generally set out at two o'clock in the morning, marching on an average three or four leagues, sometimes making a longer stage than usual one day in order to have a halt or a rest the next. In this manner we got on very pleasantly, the Brigade, consisting of the 7th, 9th and 10th Regiments, proceeding on the road in columns of four deep, alternately right and left in front each successive day.

The hot blood of the Irish manifested itself on this occasion in desperate efforts to outmarch one another, the leading Regiment stepping out to leave the others in the rear,

which on its part manfully preserved its compactness with the column, hailing every repeated check given to the front by the inequalities of the ground, with loud cheers and cries of "*More power* to the 7th!—*more power* to the Munstermen!"—as their respective Regiments gained upon their opponents.

I do not know whether this mode of proceeding would have been approved of by a rigid disciplinarian; but the stages were in general so short, and the cheers of the men so invigorating after the groans of sickness at Vitoria, that it was passed over, and the "sprigs of shilelah," tacitly permitted to race on to the end of the chapter.

Being required in General Orders to be as little encumbered with baggage as possible, I left my portmanteaus in Vitoria, and took nothing but a small valise, with a shirt or two and a pair of socks, strapped to the crupper of the saddle, on the horse I had bought when leaving Treviño. I should have got on very

well had I not been troubled with a bag full of *pesetas* and dollars for the payment of the company, which so much increased the weight of the valise, that it speedily established "a raw" on my horse's back, and I was obliged to fasten it on the elevated pummel of the awkward Spanish saddle. Passing over some broken ground, the saddle turned round and landed me at the feet of the whole Brigade; hastily re-mounting, the heavy valise swung it to the other side, and flung me into a furze-bush, by way of "making the balance true." Smarting with the prickles, I was on the point of pitching the bag to the devil, when I was overtaken by a straggler of the rear-guard to whom I entrusted the valise with the company's money, and the promise of a *peseta* if he carried it safely to the end of the march; which was duly fulfilled on his putting it unopened into my hands that evening.

Among the places I had not visited on my former march from Santander, we passed through Oña, a town of some note and great

antiquity, situated on a branch of the Ebro, and remarkable for the beauty of the scenery and its royal monastery, in which are interred some of the ancient kings of Castile. The outside of the building, like most that I have seen in Spain, possesses nothing very commendable about it, being of a straggling, irregular form, and composed of plain brick and plaster with heavy tiled roofs and overhanging eaves. The interior, however, especially of the court leading to the chapel, and of the chapel itself, is very beautiful; the former being remarkable for its fine gothic cloisters, with fretted stone-work between the arches, forming wreaths and figures entwined with "slender shafts of shapely stone."

In this court, on the side nearest the chapel, are several ancient tombs inclosing the bones of bishops and warriors whose memory has passed away with their generation, but whose tombs remain a monument of gothic taste and sculpture. There is nothing which delights me more than musing over antique sepulchres,

poking about the carved niches, and snapping up the crumbs of history that fall from the sexton; and greatly was "mine ancient" of the Austrian Jagers, distressed at my not returning home to the boiled fowl and cabbage, which he declared were spoiling while I was spending my time over what he profanely called "an old box full of bishop's dust."

I could not help thinking what a place this would have been for Cervantes to have described his hero as moralizing over, in that mixt strain of deep sentiment and sarcastic pleasantry, that characterizes the famous speech on the handful of acorns—"*Dichosa edad y siglos dichosos aquellos á quien los antiguos pusieron nombre de dorados.*"

Here are a couple of the inscriptions, which derive an interest from the times of which they are records:—

"AQUI YAZEN EL CONDE D. ALVARO SALVADORES, Y SU HIJO D. SALVADOR: CONDES DE BURÉBA. FUERON MUERTOS EN UNA BATALLA CON LOS MOROS, EN TIEMPO DEL REY D. FERNANDO EL MAGNO,

A DIEZ DE AGOSTO DEL AÑO DE MIL Y TREINTA Y SIETE."*

This is inscribed in black letter on a shield at the bottom of the niche or alcove in which the marble tomb is placed. The other is engraved in the same manner, and runs thus:—

"AQUI YACE EL NOBLE CABELLERO D. GULIERRE RODRIGUEZ DE TOLEDO. CAMARERO DEL SR. CONDE D. SANCHO GARCIA. FUNDADOR DE ESTE RL. MONASTERIO: MURIO A OCHO DE NOVIEMBRE DEL AÑO DE MIL Y VEINTE Y SIETE."†

The monastery is dedicated to San Salvador, and formerly possessed an immense tract of land in the neighbourhood, which in these times of Church Reform has been sadly pared

* "Here lie the Count Don Alvaro Salvadores, and his son, Don Salvador, Counts of Buréba. They were slain in a battle with the Moors in the time of King Ferdinand the Great, on the 10th of August, of the year 1037."

† "Here lies the noble Cavalier, Don Gulierre Rodriguez of Toledo, Chamberlain to the Count Don Sancho Garcia, and Founder of this Royal Monastery. He died on the 8th of November, of the year 1027."

down and curtailed of its fair proportions. The monks have all deserted the building—some trooping with the Carlists, and others betaking themselves to France and Italy—leaving the vaulted apartments and long corridors standing vacant and desolate.

The carved oaken door of the chapel I at first found locked, but peeping through the key-hole, my curiosity was greatly excited by the splendour of the silver organ with its horizontal row of trumpet-like pipes. A *cortège* of brigadiers and colonels being about to visit the interior, I slipped in among the rest, and with them surveyed the whole of the magnificent chapel. The building itself is nothing very remarkable, being plain yellow-washed walls and arched roofs, with small shafts of stone springing up the sides and joining in a rosette in the centre of the vault; but the ornamental wood-work, the gorgeous painted windows—

> "Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
> As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings"—

and the four oaken sepulchres of the Castilian

monarchs, covered with crimson velvet and gold, give an air of solemn magnificence to the vaulted aisles of the monastic chapel. In one of these richly-worked coffins are deposited the remains of Don Sancho IV, killed with the stroke of a lance at the taking of Zamora, A. D. 1022.

From the chapel we passed through a small door into a large chamber, hung round with portraits of Saints only to be distinguished from one another by the length of beard. There were several oil-paintings of subjects from Scripture, which the Spanish clerk who showed the place seemed to think very fine, but which in reality were not much to boast of, except a few small and evidently modern paintings in the pannels of the room, which were done in a light sketchy style, with more regard to shadow and perspective than is found in the generality of Spanish church pictures. For the most part they are mere daubs, requiring the names to be written underneath in order to distinguish the Virgin from the Magi at her feet.

Leaving the royal monastery of Oña, I despatched my long-neglected dinner, and in company with a friend, strolled out of the town for a walk. Passing through a ruined archway overgrown with grass and wall-flowers, we sauntered along the banks of the Ebro that ran foaming and dashing among the stones of its rocky bed, till we came to a lofty cliff rising abruptly from the road side and commanding a view of the town. The stony composition of the cliff was studded with patches of furze and heath, and as we scrambled up on hands and knees, the red-legged partridges flushed from the cover and gave token of the game in the adjacent wilds. Arrived nearly at the summit, we found a sort of natural grotto excavated in the rock, and offering a resting place for our weary feet. We sat down, and from it enjoyed a most beautiful panorama of the surrounding country.

In the valley below lay the ancient town of Oña, with its royal monastery and antique houses; around were chains of heath-covered

mountains, their dark sides touched with golden light, and through the valley wound the infant Ebro like a silver thread upon a sable robe of velvet; while the distant tolling of the vesper bell from a solitary hermitage on the mountain side, mingled with the bleating of goats descending from the hills to sleep in the pastures below.

We thought of knights in armour, for there were the tombs in which their bones reposed; of chaunting priests and holy monks, for the hermitage and the monastery still remained though the owners had passed away; we thought of ancient Spain, her power and greatness, for we were in Old Castile and on the banks of the Ebro; of modern Spain, her decline and fall, for of these we had everywhere borne witness. We thought of everything that was, and is, and will be, when "Misty evening this—hem!" from a new-comer who had scrambled up to our position, recalled our scattered thoughts and sent us to our billets to prepare for the next day's march.

Much as I was delighted with Oña for

its antiquity and lofty associations, I was thoroughly disgusted with it on the score of cleanliness and comfort. The lodgings occupied by two other officers and myself were miserable in the extreme, but discovering that there was another room in the house somewhat better than the first, we found our way into it, and made up our minds to sleep in the *patron's* best bed-room. The old gentleman appeared uneasy at this, and taking me aside with an air of great seriousness, informed me in a whisper that he had one thing of importance to communicate, and that was, that he and all his kin were afflicted with *sarna*, (itch), and as they slept in those beds he would not answer for the consequences should we persevere in our rash design; he therefore hoped that we would be content with the other room, on the beds of which should be spread "*sabanas limpitas*" — "nice clean sheets."

This awful annunciation he confirmed by showing me his hands which were in a horrible state, and his poor little daughter

exclaimed with a look of extreme misery "*Nosotros nos comemos, señor, con esta porquería*"—"We are eaten up, sir, with this filthy thing." They told me that they had caught it three weeks before from some Spanish soldiers billeted on the house, by merely leaving a cloak on the bed-clothes which had been used.

I was much struck by the dignity with which the old *patron* told me of his calamity, and the anxiety he expressed lest we should catch the infection. We beat a speedy retreat from the insidious apartment, and in spite of the "*sabanas limpitas*" felt very ticklish and irritable all night, and, indeed, for several days after, until the period had elapsed in which the plague might be expected to manifest itself.

On our arrival at Santander on the 21st of April, it was found that the Light Brigade had already embarked for San Sebastian, leaving one steamer which was able to carry a wing of our regiment, together with a few stragglers belonging to those that had

gone before. Accordingly on the 23rd, we embarked with four companies of the 9th, of which my own was one, and reached San Sebastian at about nine o'clock the next morning.

Everybody was in the highest spirits, for besides the expectation of a general action immediately on landing, the delights and hospitality of San Sebastian still dwelt in our memories, and we beheld the well-known castle and lighthouse standing up in the distance like warm friends to greet us on our return. But far different was the aspect of the town from that which welcomed us in July last year. No salute from the castle—no ringing of bells—no *vivas* from the assembled multitude on the batteries; nothing but now and then a shrill cry accompanied by a pattering shot from the white-capped Carlists on the distant lines, as they beheld the barges landing the "*Ingleses.*" The quays were heaped up with turf through which the cannons grimly peered through their grassy embrasures; the streets were filled with barricades which certain reminiscences of 1830 told me were *à*

la Parisienne; half the shops were shut and deserted, and most of the glass windows, shivered by the explosion of shells, were patched up with brown paper, or stuffed with an old petticoat fluttering mournfully in the breeze. The Plaza Nueva was deserted by all but lounging soldiers, and the serenading of bands and guitars had given place to the booming of guns on the battery as they opened on the enemy's lines. The greater part of the inhabitants had fled to St. Jean de Luz and Bayonne, and with them vanished the flowing mantilla and the sparkling eye. My ancient billet was tenantless, and a great hole in the roof marked the entrance of a Carlist bomb into my former bed-room. The glory had departed from San Sebastian!

CHAPTER VIII.

Description of San Sebastian and the Carlist lines—San Francisco—Firing of the Batteries—Accident with a Howitzer—Sharp-shooting with a Carlist—Action of the 5th of May—Bravery of a Spanish Captain—Loss in Killed and Wounded on both sides—Remarks on the Action—Treachery of Cordova.

THE town of San Sebastian, of small extent but strongly fortified, is situated at the foot of a high conical hill, on the summit of which is the castle; and washed by the river Urumea on the east, and the waters of the harbour on the west, stands on a narrow tongue of land running north and south, the western shore of which, sweeping round in a deep and extended curve, forms the bay, flanked at its farthest extremity by a lighthouse on a hill, nearly opposite in its position to that of the castle. These two eminences about musket-shot from each other, form the entrance to the

bay, which is moreover protected by the small rocky island of Santa Clara, placed almost exactly in the middle of the outlet.

At the bottom of the bay, and close to the water's edge stood the isolated convent of Nuestra Señora de la Antigua, held and fortified by the Carlists; and a few hundred yards nearer the town, on the high road, that of San Bartolomé, occupied by the Chapelgorris, and forming the extreme outpost of the Queen's army.

Immediately behind these two buildings, there rises a treble row of hills covered with grass, extending in the shape of a crescent from San Bartolomé on the east, to within a short distance of the lighthouse on the west, from which, however, it is divided by a deep ravine running in a transverse direction, pretty nearly at right angles. Each ridge is separated by a deep valley, the distance across which at its greatest extent, from the crest of one ridge to that of the other, is somewhat less than half musket-shot. The eastern extremity of these gigantic trenches, which formed the

right of the enemy's position, is terminated in an abrupt precipice washed at the foot by the Urumea; and the western is rendered inaccessible by the ravine near the lighthouse, at the bottom of which is a deep morass. The only way, therefore of clearing these hills is either to follow the high road leading to Hernani, or to march straight across them, scrambling over garden walls and leaping ditches in the way. A glance at the nature of the ground shows the impossibility of turning the positions in the face of a powerful and determined enemy.

Along the summits of these ridges, were sprinkled at irregular distances, a number of small country houses, strongly fortified and loop-holed, the garden walls of which were continued by breastworks of sod, earth, and stones, running from one to another along the whole extent of the crest, and which were strengthened on the extreme left of the third or last line by a redoubt containing a twenty-four pounder. In the middle of the first line, was the remnant of a windmill, which fortified with ditches and

parapets, formed the centre of the Carlist position; and a little nearer their right was a battery of two or three pieces of artillery, one of which was a long thirty-six pounder.

The Convent of San Francisco on the opposite bank of the Urumea, was entrenched by the enemy, and the wooden bridge across the river broken down, so as to leave nothing but *a tête de pont* of stone on each side, which was converted by the respective parties into a sort of bastion from which a straggling fire of musketry was kept up throughout the day between the two posts. Our ancient *paseo* was covered with working parties of Carlists, who had cut the branches of the trees to form works and barricades, and I could see a company of White Caps billeting themselves at my old Basque woman's *taberna* where I had so frequently breakfasted, sheltered from the sun like Jonah under his gourd. The neighbouring hills over which we had so often trudged in our early marches, had a quiet, inaccessible look which proclaimed the presence of an enemy. The only piece of

ground without the town which we could call our own, was the glacis between the city-gates and San Bartolomé, and even here we were not out of the reach of musketry from the heights or from the opposite shore of the river. The town altogether before our arrival was as closely leaguered as a town could be, and in daily expectation of a bombardment. All communication with the interior was cut off, and provisions were brought by sea from France. Everything was in a state that could not last, and it was evident that the town must fall, unless effort was made to break the enemy's lines and give it breathing-room.

For several days after our arrival, the principal amusement of the place was, to mount the batteries, and watch the effect of the cannonade directed against the lines and the Convent of San Francisco on the other side of the river, where the enemy were continually employed in digging trenches and erecting mounds among the sand-hills. To this they made no other reply than by occasionally firing a musket, the ball of which

would whizz over the battlements, and strike against the heaps of sod placed in the battery as a precaution against bombs. In general, however, they worked away with great resolution, waving their caps at each discharge and dancing about like madmen on the top of the parapet. Now and then a shell was tried with better effect, and when it fell into the trenches where the workmen were employed, it rarely failed to do execution, as might be seen by the knot that gathered round some unfortunate that was carried off.

The Spanish artillery officers did not fire badly with their twelves and twenty-fours, but were no great hands at bombs and howitzers. One day an accident occurred which was a somewhat unpleasant illustration of the "engineer hoist with his own petard." A small howitzer was dragged up to an embrasure, where the elevation was taken without due regard for a large iron twenty-four-pounder standing before it. The consequence was, that when the match was applied, the shell struck the breech of the cannon, and glancing off in

a lateral direction, exploded in the embrasure. The force of the explosion loosened a number of the stones of the wall, and a square inch of iron struck a Spanish officer standing next to me, and inflicted a considerable wound on the temple from which the blood trickled down in streams on the pavement. This accident gave me a rather unfavourable impression of the skill of Spanish officers in firing howitzers, and ever after I took care to keep at a respectful distance from them when engaged in the operation.

This plan of firing shot and shell at individuals working in the trenches, was useless except as practice for the gunners, and must have been attended with vast expense. Every bomb, I was told, cost the Queen sixteen dollars, and this at a time when she could not spare a peseta to pay her well-beloved Auxiliaries. The practice at length was dropped, and the rifle company of the 10th, was posted on our side of the bridge to clear the opposite shore of skirmishers, a duty which they performed so effectually, that not a single

Carlist ventured to show his head above the barricades on the other side. Sometimes, indeed, they used to creep close to the picquet-house under cover of the sand-hills in front of San Francisco, from whence they fired at our men near the bridge and on the batteries; but little mischief was done, and it was more by way of pastime to relieve the dull monotony of the blockade.

One morning I found the Lieutenant-General at the barricade, with some of his staff who were amusing themselves by firing at the Carlists across the river. I borrowed a rifle from one of the men, and engaged in a trial of skill as a marksman with one of the Carlists who had approached nearer than the rest, and was burrowing in the sand like a rabbit. The moment I caught a glimpse of his cap peering above the sand, I fired, and before I could completely hide myself behind the wall, flash! went his musket in the distance, followed by the report and the ball which whizzed a few feet over my head. In this way we played at bo-peep for some time, without damage on

either side. None but a "Leather-stocking" could have done execution at such a prudent distance.

Returning from the bridge by the esplanade, where a full view was obtained of any one crossing the green, I had a couple of long shots fired at me, which approached sufficiently near to raise a disagreeable sensation of insecurity. It is all well enough to be under a fire of musketry directed at a body of troops, for then it is hit or miss without any consciousness of being singled out in particular; but to be shot at from a distance like a crow, is the very reverse of pleasant, and in this instance it required considerable control of the nerves to refrain from that species of genuflexion known under the title of "bobbing."

It was expected at first that the attack would be made in the direction of San Francisco, and boats were hauled down to the shore in readiness to cross the river, should that step be decided on. The Convent, however, was looked upon as a position of minor importance, the

taking of which would have no effect upon the lines in front of the town, and, for the present, the project of crossing the Urumea was abandoned. The force of the enemy was calculated at about three thousand men, exclusive of those on the other side of the river, and they held positions which rendered them equal to many times that number. The whole of the Legion did not exceed six thousand men, and at the time of the assault, the 4th and 8th Regiments had not yet come up from Santander, which reduces the amount of British who opened the attack to somewhat less than five thousand. Of the Volunteers of Guipuzcoa, or Chapelgorris, there was a battalion of six or seven hundred men, who were the principal body of Spanish troops to be depended on.

It was not till the night of the 4th of May that I heard of the coming attack. I went to bed after giving the necessary orders to my company, and was awakened at two the next morning by the hum of men gathering together, caused by Colonel Tupper's regiment (the 6th), which was already mustering. I

jumped out of bed, and after scalding my throat with some hot tea, proceeded to the quarters of the men, where I found all on foot, and the busy snapping of locks and ringing of ramrods giving proofs of alacrity. It was a cold, drizzling morning, dark as pitch, the streets full of mud, and the country wet and swampy from a week's rain. Finding that we were all in good time, I returned to my room, where I wrote by candle-light a short letter home, containing the news of the intended sally, which I delivered to the *patrona* of the house, with a request that, *venga lo que viniere*, she would put it into the post that day, an injunction with which she faithfully complied.

In a few minutes the men turned out without sound of bugle, and formed in the square with silence and regularity. It was so dark that I was obliged to procure a candle to call the roll and examine the arms, all of which were provided with fresh flints and in the highest order. The rain fell in showers that spluttered in the lighted candle and finally

extinguished it, after which it was necessary to go through the ranks and feel with the hand that every man was properly accoutred. In all, I numbered two-and-twenty files, exclusive of the three officers of the Company and the Colour Sergeant, and two or three more who were ordered for fatigue to carry the stretchers and look after the wounded. The total of the 9th Regiment was between five and six hundred bayonets in the field.

Exactly at three o'clock, the whole of the Irish Brigade, consisting of the 7th, 9th, and 10th, was drawn up in the square, when Brigadier-General Shaw called the officers together, and briefly explained the plan of attack. The Light Brigade, consisting of the Rifles, 3rd, 6th, and Chapelgorris, under General Reid, was to take the right of the enemy's line; our own Brigade the centre; and the 1st Brigade* under General Chichester was

* The First Brigade consisted of the 1st, 4th, and 8th Regiments, but the two last had not arrived from Santander during the early part of the day, and the Brigade was made up, I believe, with Spanish troops.

to march along the sands of the Bay towards the lighthouse, and attack the left defended by the redoubt. He concluded by begging us to pay great attention to the closing up of the companies in action, and further recommended to mercy all such prisoners as might fall into our hands in carrying the fortified houses. These remarks were repeated by the General's desire to the men by their respective officers, and in a few minutes the different columns were in motion, and the troops silently marched out by the city gate on the road leading to Hernani.

On emerging from the gloomy portal of the draw-bridge, we beheld the Convents of San Francisco and La Antigua in flames. They had been fired a day or two before by the enemy, and had smouldered in smoke until the morning of the 5th, when they burst out in vivid flashes of light that heightened the surrounding darkness. There was something, I thought, cheerful and comfortable in the look of the fire in contrast with the wet and splashy road, and I gazed upon the flames curling

through my old bed-room window at San Francisco, without any other feeling than a desire to approach and warm my hands at the blazing bonfire.

Arrived at San Bartolomé, we halted for a quarter of an hour, while our Light Company under Captain Cotter was sent on in front to clear a few straggling houses occupied by the enemy in the neighbourhood. It was a moment of anxiety; the men were resting on their arms, holding their breath, and afraid to speak, lest the alarm should be caught by the Carlist outposts; the tinge of morning was appearing over the hills, and showed the loop-holed parapets of the enemy, and the dusky figures of the gathering battalions as they slowly wound on their different tracks to the appointed parts of the line. I paced up and down the causeway in front of the halted regiment, looking at the brilliancy of the flaming convents, and ever and anon casting a glance "on the dull clouds, as thick as starch, which stiffen'd heaven," and rose in dark and broken masses behind the town;

when a solitary shot, followed by a rattling volley and a loud *hurrah!* in the distance, proclaimed the first collision with the enemy. "Forward!" said the Colonel, and the 9th pushed up the road in support of the 7th, the straggling shots whistling over our heads, and giving evidence of the commencement of the action.

Passing the Lieutenant-General, who was on horseback with his staff, giving orders in his cool and collected manner, which struck me the more forcibly from the tumult of thoughts tumbling through my own brain, we branched off the main road to our right, and crossing a deep valley or ravine, made for the windmill already in possession of the 7th. As we mounted the steep and slippery ascent with fixed bayonets, the booming of the shot told us that the enemy had opened their battery, but so badly were the guns served and pointed, that it was not till we saw the shot ploughing up the ground in an adjacent field, that the impression was removed of our marching to the at-

tack under cover of the batteries from the Castle.

On the hill-side the companies began to get loose and disjointed from the difficulty of the ascent, and by the time I had collected my men into close order, and marched them to the walls of the mill, I found that the grenadiers and the first three companies of the regiment were already detached and in action. Obeying the orders given me, to remain under shelter until sent for, I placed my company as securely as possible behind the mill, and took a survey of the surrounding scene. At my feet was a deep valley covered with grass, and patched over here and there with cabbage-gardens and orchards of apple-trees; along the opposite ridge and on a level with ourselves ran the enemy's second breast-work, above which the dawning light disclosed the white caps of the Carlists as they poured their vollies upon the exposed ranks of the advancing columns. Intersected by the fortifications of the mill, and running on each side of it in a parallel direction with the second

line, was a deep lane forming the first defence carried by the British, who were keeping up a perpetual blaze of musketry on the enemy.

The shot flew about on both sides in abundance; no less than five in a cluster struck the wall of a house near which I was standing, within the circumference of a soup-plate, and some of the wounds that were inflicted were ghastly to behold. Several officers of my acquaintance were struck and carried to the rear. Quarter-Master Warner of the 7th Regiment was shot dead, and fell at my feet with the blue compressed lips and "all-white eye" that characterize death by gun-shot wounds. In less than five minutes the lane was crowded with dead and dying, who hardly left room for the officers to keep the men steady and in line.

In this situation, partly exposed to the fire and partly sheltered by the walls of the mill, we remained for some time without seeing anything of our Colonel or Major, who had gone on with the other companies. At length the 7th made a dash across the valley, and

at that moment, Adjutant Edge of the 7th galloped up and said, "You are ordered by the Lieutenant-General to take the next breastwork at the point of the bayonet." The word was given, "Form two deep—double!" but the din of the musketry was such that only those about me heard the command, and one half of the company who were hid from sight by an angle in the lane, remained stationary with the Lieutenant, to whom, however, they stuck throughout the action, and behaved gallantly in charging the redoubt. Rattling down the hill-side, I passed the Lieutenant-General on foot with several of his staff; he was standing exposed to the fire, and waving his sword to cheer on the men. As I was passing, Col. Considine and Mr. Alcock were wounded and led off the field.

Arrived at the bottom of the valley, I was considerably non-plussed at finding myself with not more than half my company at my heels, and the remainder shot, or lost, or flown into the clouds—"the gods know how!" It did not strike me at the moment that in the

hurry, the rear had parted from the front, and had remained with the Lieutenant at the mill. At this juncture, as I was considering what to do, General Shaw came up, who ordered me to follow the course of the ravine for some distance, and then make the best of my way up the hill under cover of an orchard, and storm a fortified house in the enemy's line which was discernible from where we stood. Ordering the men to keep close to me, I proceeded in double quick time down the valley, and skirting the apple-trees, pushed up the hill. Half way up the ascent, I fell in with Colonel Swan of the 7th, whose regiment like my company was somewhat curtailed of its fair proportions in consequence of the roughness of the ground, which, in spite of every endeavour to overcome the difficulty, broke the column into detached parties, and once separated, scattered them over the field. Putting myself under his directions, we continued the ascent, the enemy firing at us as they caught glimpses of our red coats among the trees, the twigs and blossoms of which,

cut by the shot, flew about in all directions and gave token of the nearness of the fire.

It was here that I saw poor Captain Mould of the 10th, lying on the ground mortally wounded, and vomiting blood from a musket-shot in the chest. He raised himself up as we passed, and exclaimed "Oh! water—water!"—but not a drop was procurable nearer than the town; and though mine was not willingly a deaf ear to the entreaty, I turned away in silence from the spectacle of the dying man, and hurried on to the summit of the ridge. The troops had already penetrated the breastwork to our right, and the enemy afraid of being taken in flank had fallen back upon their third and last line, where they made a stand and fired in heavier vollies than before. Here we halted a moment to take breath: between Colonel Swan's and my own, there were not more than forty or fifty men, and the house was to be defended at all hazards. The enemy perceiving us congregated near the building, sent a detachment by a covered way to dislodge us with the bayonet.

Twice we brought our small force up to the charge, and twice were driven back by the white caps bearing down with the bayonet. We were on the point of drawing off, when Captain Cotter came up with the remnants of his gallant Light Company, which had suffered severely in the early part of the day, and in conjunction with us finally drove the enemy from the contested house.

At this moment, as we were collecting and arranging the men, we beheld a number of Spaniards rapidly advancing towards us from the hill already in our possession. We thought at first that the enemy had taken us in rear, but on near approach they proved to be a company of the Segovia Regiment—*the only portion of the Spanish troops I saw under fire during the whole of the action.* The Captain whose name unfortunately I never could learn, was as brave and reckless a fellow as ever drew a blade. With a small red flag in his hand, he leaped the parapet that was before us, and rushing into the middle of the ploughed field, he waved his sword for

us to advance, crying out in French, "*En avant! en avant!*" We advanced, and the moment the head of our small column, composed of Spanish and British intermingled, rounded the corner of the house, it was swept back by a shower of bullets. Three times we attempted to charge, and as often were driven back; it was in vain that the officers cheered them on—it was in vain that we traversed the ground between the house and the brave Spaniard who stood like a tower in the midst of the storm—it was in vain that we expended upon them our most endearing epithets of "Irishmen—"Bog-trotters"—"Ragamuffins"—"Repalers"—"O'Connellites"—they stood stock-still, with not a single responsive cheer, and the Spanish officer, seeing that he was not joined, sprang over the hedge into an orchard which was covered from the fire.

One by one several officers came up, each with a party of ten or twenty men, and the force behind the house was beginning to swell to a respectable volume. General Shaw was the first to arrive, and after him Colonel Fitz-

gerald with two or three companies of the 9th. This was the first time we met during the action, and I had a short colloquy with him on the state of affairs. "Where's Major Cannan?" — "Wounded." — "Mackie?" — "Killed." — "Wright?" — "Shot dead." — "Where's so-and-so, and so-and-so, and so-and-so?" — "Killed, wounded, dead, missing." Such was the state of our regiment at 8 o'clock in the morning.

In the meantime General Shaw had been collecting the scattered parties and putting them in order for the charge. Coming up to me, he laid his hand on my shoulder, and in his cool, syllabic manner, as if we had been in the most indifferent situation in the world, begged me to run along the breastwork as far as General Chichester's Brigade, and ask him to send up as many men as he could spare to help us. I instantly took to my heels down a deep and narrow lane, running parallel with the breastwork, which partially sheltered me from the shot, and found myself at every step sinking deeper and deeper in the mud. After several

efforts to extricate myself, I went up to the knees, and was thrown forward my whole length in the mire. My own company which had been watching the event of the mission, thought that I was shot, but recovering my feet, I got upon a narrow bank or causeway where the ground was firm, and continued my course towards the 1st Brigade. Plastered with mud from head to heel, I presented myself before the General and delivered my message. He instantly despatched two companies, with whom I returned to our former position near the house.

This was the last time I saw Captain Knight, General Chichester's Aide-de-Camp. He was standing with his tall military figure exposed to the shot, and as I appeared before him in the ill-favoured guise already described, his eye lighted smilingly on my muddy accoutrements, and a friendly nod of recognition was all that passed between us. A few minutes after, he fell in attempting to storm the redoubt at the head of a mere handful of men, and his body was found after the action

cruelly mangled by the enemy, with three bayonet wounds in the body and one in the eye.

On rejoining General Shaw with the reinforcement, I found the remnant of the 7th drawn up in close column behind the house, and as much of the 9th as could be collected standing a few yards distant, covered partly by the apple-trees and partly by the breastwork that ran in front. Colonel Fitzgerald was at the head of his men, and at the signal from the Brigadier to charge, sprang over the parapet and advanced alone with nothing but a riding-whip in his hand, in the face of the most tremendous fire I had witnessed during the whole of the action. The bullets poured upon the ploughed field as thick as hail, and the clods of earth might be seen knocked up in little clouds of dust like the "wine-glasses" on a fish-pond during a shower of rain. The men hesitated;—"Irishmen!" somebody exclaimed, "will you see your old Colonel shot, and not move on to save him?" The hot blood of Ireland was stirred, and with a cry

of "*More power* to the Colonel!" they cleared the breastwork and advanced with levelled bayonets against the opposite line. I had just reached the Colonel's side and was crossing the field at the top of my speed, when a shot struck me on the left hip, and with a stunning shock my heels flew up into the air, at the same time that the charging regiment passed over me, and I was left alone, extended on my back in the middle of the plain.

I rose on my feet, but fell down as if pinned to the earth by a tent-peg. I looked at the wound and saw a neat round hole on the seam of the trowsers, from which a few drops of blood were slowly trickling out. The field was bare, and not a soul in sight except the white-headed Carlists as they rose to fire over the parapet, while the splashes of mud that sprinkled over my face, told of the vollies that fell around. I gave a roll towards the breastwork I had quitted, and saw my sword which had flown out of my hand with the violence of the shock, lying at some distance. With

difficulty I crawled back to the spot, and had just gained possession of the hilt, when a second bullet struck my right hand and passing through the fleshy part of the thumb, lodged next to the skin on the other side. The pain was not acute—it felt like a benumbing shock of electricity. A Spanish serjeant passed over my body towards some shelter; I hailed him in Spanish *por amor de Dios*, to raise me on my legs, but leaping the parapet he left me to my fate. It was now evident that there was nothing to hope for from others, and with a sort of feeling of uncertainty like that of a man hanging over a precipice by a single thread, I commenced rolling towards the breastwork, on which I lifted myself with considerable pain and difficulty, and swinging my legs over the top, tumbled into the muddy lane below. I was aware of the danger of sticking fast in the mud, and making a plunge across the path, I seated myself on the causeway on the other side, where being under cover I paused a moment to rest and consider what was to be done.

The whole extent of the breastwork appeared to be deserted, the troops having left it to attack the next line, and a couple of dead bodies drenched in blood were the only human forms that met my sight. The house which had been so often taken and retaken was about fifty yards on my left, and to it I directed my eyes in hopes of succour, when a rustling among the bushes in the neighbourhood, attracted my attention, and a blue-capped head was thrust round the corner of the house, eying me intently. Presently another was poked through one of the windows as if reconnoitring the ground, and immediately the two Carlists fixed bayonets and advanced cautiously with the purpose of running me through. It was a fortunate circumstance that the two dead bodies were lying near them, for they paused a little while to search their pockets, thereby giving me time to resume my rotatory motion down the hill in the direction of the 1st Brigade. A small bank intervened, and down it I plunged with desperate resolution, falling upon a dying man at the bottom who groaned

heavily as I passed. The idea occurred to me to hide myself under the body, but it was useless as the Carlists had seen me move and were now in full pursuit. I continued my course, sometimes rolling and sometimes scrambling on all fours, with the blood gushing from my hand, and was on the point of rising on my knees to make a last effort in defence of my life, when I espied a soldier of the 9th in the distance, to whom I waved my sword to come to my rescue. The Carlists on his approach hung back and commenced loading their pieces—the man hesitated whether to stand or run away. It was a critical moment—when most fortunately three of my own company came up, who fixed their bayonets over my body and dared the Carlists to advance. I turned my head towards the house, and saw that my enemies had fled.

Placing me on three firelocks, my men hurried along under cover of the breastwork towards the shores of the bay. In our way we passed the 10th Regiment drawn up in close column with Colonel O'Connell at their

head. Part of my old Regiment, the 1st, was there, and I nodded to several officers of my acquaintance as I was rapidly borne along. Presently after, we were joined by my servant who had heard that I was killed. He threw a cloak over me, the warmth of which was very acceptable, for the transition from violent exertion, and the wet clothes, had brought on a fit of shivering. The ground in every part we passed over was stained with drops of blood that showed the smartness of the action. The firing still continued heavily in the direction of the enemy's left, and I exhorted the men to redouble their speed in case of a retrograde movement. When in sight of the Bay, we saw the Phœnix steamer anchored close in shore, and flinging her bombs over our heads into the enemy's redoubt. "The blue-jackets are taking them in tow—hurrah!" and the men pushed forward towards the sands of the beach. Arrived at the bottom of the hill near the Convent of La Antigua, I met Colonel Swan wounded in the thigh, and Captain Fitzgerald of the 10th, son of our Colonel, with

his arm broken. All three of us directed our course along the sands towards the town, at a short distance from which a stretcher was procured to carry me to the hospital.

Passing through the gates of San Sebastian, I found the 4th Regiment just landed from Santander, drawn up in the Plaza Vieja, and on the point of marching into action; the men were oiling their locks and fixing the flints. As the litter was carried by, Colonel Harley inquired how the day was going? "Well," I replied; "you are just in time to give the finishing stroke." Captain Allez, Adjutant of the 4th, and brother to our Adjutant by whose side I had been during the greater part of the day, shook me by the hand and asked the nature of my wounds. I told him that the last time I had seen his brother he was safe and well—and he thanked me for the intelligence. Half an hour afterwards he charged the redoubt at the head of two or three companies of the 4th, and was shot to the heart as he was waving his sword in one hand and his hat in the other. Only a few days previous,

on the march from Vitoria, he told me that the summit of his ambition was to wear a Cross of San Fernando. He fell in the moment of victory, and sleeps at the foot of the heights his valour helped to win.

The arrival of the 4th and 8th Regiments, together with the assistance of the Phœnix steamer, hastened the decision of the contest, and the enemy fled in all directions, leaving three pieces of artillery and a stand of colours in the hands of the victors. The Carlist commandant of the province, Segastibelza, and the Colonel of the *Chapelchurris* or White Caps, were killed in the engagement, as well as a priest who, dressed in full canonicals, with a crucifix in his hand, had been seen to head many of the charges and to encourage the slaughter of the helpless and the wounded. This worthy apostle was found with a musket-shot in his forehead, his hand still grasping the symbol of pardon and redemption which had been desecrated in so blood-thirsty a calling.

The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded

amounted to not less than six or seven hundred men; that of the British to seventy-eight officers, and eight hundred rank and file; which, considering the nature of the positions and the disadvantages on the side of the attack, was as favourable a result as could be expected. The peasants brought us word the next day, that the Carlists had not only fallen back upon Hernani, but had actually abandoned the town, leaving their stores and wounded at the mercy of the Legion. Had General Evans possessed sufficient force, Hernani would probably have been taken without firing a shot; but in his situation, with the troops exhausted with fatigue and encumbered with wounded, the utmost that could be done was to level the lines and maintain his position on the conquered heights. The Spaniards, instead of pouring an army of twenty or thirty thousand men into San Sebastian to improve the advantage, displayed their usual irresolution and delay, and the traitor Cordova, loitering in his bed at Vitoria, contented himself with writing a letter of congratulation to General Evans, in which the jumble

of hypocrisy is clothed in the customary garb of bombast.

By degrees, the Carlists recovered from their alarm, and cautiously approaching the British lines, planted their outposts within musket-shot of our picquets, filling Hernani with fresh troops, and in consequence of Cordova's inactivity, directing their whole force against the handful of British. Twice they have attempted to regain their former positions, and been repulsed with loss. The crossing of the Urumea and the taking of Passages have borne out the reputation which the British Legion established on the heights of San Sebastian; and all that was required—all that was expected of the Spanish army was, that a helping hand should be stretched out from the south, to enable the Legion to advance from the foot of the Pyrenees to the Carlist head-quarters at Oñate.

Instead of this, the Spanish Commander-in-Chief retreated a second time from Arlaban without striking a blow, abandoned his army at Vitoria, and for twelve days was dancing

quadrilles with the Queen at Madrid; since when, nothing good, bad, or indifferent has been heard of him north of the Ebro. His boasted plan of *blockade*—the *laissez faire* system o. a *juste milieu* General—has fallen to the ground, and the insurrection which originally existed only in Guipuzcoa and Navarre, has extended to Galicia, Arragon, Catalonia, and to Castile itself. Six thousand British, the only body of troops that has done the Queen service during the campaign, are left cooped up in San Sebastian, without pay, without stores, and hardly with the rations to keep body and soul together; while the road to Madrid is left open to Don Carlos. Of a truth, one is at a loss which most to admire—the baseness of the General – the folly of the Queen—or the degeneracy of the people which submits to the misery of either.

CHAPTER IX.

Arrival at the Hospital—Dying Chapelgorri—Removal to the Billet—Anecdote of an Irishman of the 7th—Light Company of the 9th Regiment—"Milling" with a Carlist—Entry of the Legion into San Sebastian after the victory—General Orders after the Action—Letter of Count Harispe—Visit to the Lines—Interview with the Carlists—Farewell to the Officers of the 9th—Carlist guns taken on the 5th of May—Review of the British Marines—Visit to the Lieutenant-General—Departure from Spain.

On arriving at the military hospital there was great difficulty in procuring me a bed, owing to the numbers of wounded returned from the field; but at length through the kindness of one of the dressers I was laid upon a mattress in a corner of the ward, where my clothes were taken off and a blanket thrown over me. All the surgeons had their hands full of business, and two hours elapsed before my wounds were examined.

On the bed next to me lay a dying Chapelgorri, with a wound in the head from which the blood had flowed upon the sheets and matted his hair into gory locks that escaped from under a handkerchief wrapped round the wound. He was attended by his brother, who seeing me awake and disposed to talk, told me that the unfortunate man had been wounded three times before, one of which was at Hernani with the Legion, and that now he feared he had received his death wound before San Sebastian. Just opposite was a lieutenant of our Light Company with a ball in his shoulder, casting a responsive glance of ruefulness at our dilapidated condition, and all down the ward were men with wounds of every size and shape, some groaning heavily, some wandering in delirium, and others in the very pangs of death. As soon as the operation was over of cutting out the ball from my hand, I resolved to get transferred to my own lodgings, to enjoy at least the comforts of quiet and fresh air. Accordingly procuring a stretcher, I caused myself to be carried to my

billet, where I was most kindly received by the *patron* and *patrona*, and one of the best beds in the house prepared for my reception. Exhausted by fatigue and the painfulness of the operation I had undergone, I slept for several hours uninterruptedly, and on awaking found two or three officers of my regiment returned from the lines, with whom there ensued many congratulations on our escape, and inquiries as to what had been the fate of our different friends. Of twenty-four officers of the 9th Regiment that went into the field, only twelve came out unhurt, the remainder being either killed or severely wounded. Among the many anecdotes that were related of the action, there was one of an officer's servant of the 7th which struck me as characteristic of Irish gallantry and *nonchalance*. In the midst of the hottest fire at the mill, he ran up with a cartridge in his mouth to an officer, and pulling the heads of a couple of cackling hens out of his havresack, exclaimed "Sure your honour won't forget to dine with my master to-day." The richness of the

Hibernian accent combined with the singularity of the situation to give an unusual raciness to the invitation.

Our Light Company under Captain (now Major) Cotter suffered most severely, having begun the action by the attack of the houses near San Bartolomé, and continued fighting to the last. It was one of the crack companies of the Legion, being composed of picked men, all under twenty-five years of age, tall, broad-shouldered and in perfect health. Distinguished by the green band round their forage caps, they were seen in the thickest of the fight from four o'clock in the morning till the final storming of the redoubt on the enemy's left. Both the subalterns of the company were severely wounded.

Among the escapes and adventures of the day, that of Lieutenant O'Connor of our Regiment, was one of the most singular. Seeing a number of Spaniards in disorder, he mistook them for Chapelgorris, and ran up to rally them, when he found that he had tumbled into the hands of the Carlists. A musket

snapped in his face and a bayonet at his breast informed him of his awkward mistake. Parrying the latter with his fist, he struck right and left in the approved style of pugilism, and flooring both his antagonists, who were considerably astonished at this novel mode of conducting the battles of the Queen, he took to his heels, and being a first-rate leaper, cleared walls and ditches, and rejoined his regiment with the loss of his hat, sword, and cloak, which had fallen in the scuffle. This interesting match was witnessed by the old Spanish Governor at the Castle, who viewing the action through a telescope, declared that he saw a British officer attacked by two Carlists, liberate himself "*boxando.*"

The bodies of the British found after the action, were generally stripped to the skin, the nose, tongue and ears cut off, and otherwise horribly mutilated. A private of the 1st Regiment was taken to the hospital with no less than thirty-six bayonet wounds besides a musket-shot in the body, and at the time I left was in a fair way of recovery. His arm

from the shoulder to the wrist was punctured with minute wounds that gave it the appearance of small-pox, and had evidently been scored by a skilful hand and a sharp-pointed bayonet.

My wounds to my great satisfaction grew rapidly better, and in a little less than a fortnight I was able to get out of bed and crawl to the window. A ball had entered my hip to the depth of about four inches, as I know by the probing, which gave me more pain than any thing else; but what has become of it, to this day I never knew, and unless it can have found its way out during my forced movements before the Carlist finishers of battle, in all probability it remains there still. I shall never forget the exultation which I felt on seeing the Legion enter the town a few days after the victory, with bands playing and colours flying, and sprigs of laurel stuck in all their shakos. The triumphant cheering of the men, with the *Vivas!* of the Spaniards, and the strains of "St. Patrick's Day" and "British Grenadiers," that rang through the streets

as the different regiments passed through the gate, put my blood into a state of effervescence, and I longed to be again at the head of my company. The honest fellows looked up as they passed under the windows of my billet and hailed me with a cheer and cry of "*More power* to the Captain!" It was a bright passage in a man's history, and worth years of the common-places of life.

Great curiosity was manifested in the Legion to see the General Orders respecting the action, and day after day were inquiries made without success at the Orderly-rooms of the respective regiments, as to when they were likely to be published. It was not, however, till more than a week had elapsed that they made their appearance, and I had the satisfaction of finding, that among the other officers whose names are given in the Orders, the Lieutenant-General was pleased to confer upon me a Cross of the First Class of San Fernando for my share of the day. The Third or highest was bestowed on all the commanders of Brigades, and the Second on the officers

commanding regiments. The non-commissioned officers and privates who distinguished themselves received the Order of Isabel the Second, besides the more substantial benefit of a dollar a-piece and new clothing.

Addresses from all quarters poured in upon the Lieutenant-General, with thanks and protestations of love and affection which the Legion would willingly have exchanged for their arrears of pay; and the Grand Cross of San Fernando was conferred upon him by the Queen. Of greater value than these was a letter he received from General Count Harispe, commanding the French troops upon the frontier; which plain, manly and laconic, was worthy of an old soldier of the Empire.

In little more than a fortnight I was able to hobble out of my room into the public square, where with my arm in a sling and my lame leg, I cut as battered a figure as a man need to wish. All my Spanish friends were astonished to see me out so soon, and expressed their wonder generally at the hardihood of the British in making light of wounds.

A Spaniard, they said, made a scratch on the arm an excuse for laying himself up in bed for the rest of the campaign, and had never done talking about it when he recovered. There were some men, to be sure, in the Legion who appeared to be built of iron; a hole through body or limb was a mere trifle, and the *aguardiente* went round as freely the day after as the day before. A Rifle officer of my acquaintance, who had received a ball through his back, which had lodged near the lungs, was on his legs and walking about the streets smoking a cigar the second or third day; and another who had had a ball go in and out of his thigh, crawled up into my room hardly four-and-twenty hours after the event. The only wounds that appeared to disqualify a man from moving about were those in the head or stomach, a great number of which terminated fatally. A week or ten days was the time allotted for the manifestation of unfavourable symptoms, and I hailed the close of the period in a glass of wine and water, in token of my deliverance from these dangers.

A few days after I had begun to walk about, I was surprised by the apparition of my brother, who having heard of my wounds, had come to rescue me from the hands of the surgeons and Carlists. He brought a packet of letters from home, with a number of newspapers containing accounts of the action, which were read with avidity by all concerned. Those in particular were in request in which the English Tories showered upon us the epithets of "footpads," "Isle o'Doggians," "Dog's Meat Brigade;" and the universal feeling of satisfaction was such, that had the correspondent of the Herald or Don Carlos himself come into the camp, we should have hugged him with joy and asked him to a glass of our best *Xeres seco*.

It had been settled that I was to have leave of absence to England, and before we sailed I was able to sit on horseback sufficiently to go with my brother over the lines, and view the advanced-posts of the Carlists. I was surprised to see the alterations that had taken place since the 5th. The breastworks were

levelled, the redoubt destroyed, and my old acquaintance the mill was strongly fortified by a ditch and mound, the embrasures and loop-holes pointing the other way to what they did the last time I was there. The houses in the neighbourhood were dismantled, and fortifications thrown up to resist any attack from the direction of Hernani. San Bartolomé was perfectly pitted with bullet-marks, and the Convent of La Antigua stood a heap of quiet ruins, at which was posted a strong picquet of Spanish infantry. Among other places I did not fail to visit the house near which I was wounded, and the place where I scrambled away from the two Carlists. I rode twice by the spot without recognizing it, so much was it altered in appearance. The house was empty and deserted, a mere shell of what it was; the breastwork was thrown down and destroyed, and the field in which I fell was covered with green corn waving cheerfully in the sunshine. The very apple-trees seemed to feel the change from the sulphury revels and drizzling rain of the 5th of May to

the warm weather and clear atmosphere; and in place of the sharp rattling of musketry, a lark poised in the sky was sending down his notes of joy and gratulation. The breeze murmured among the foliage, and as I took my last ramble in Spain, I thought that the blue mountains had never looked so beautiful before.

Passing by Colonel Tupper's grave I paused a moment to survey the spot. It lies on a small hillock close to the high road, and at a short distance to the left of the mill, commanding a view of the positions and of the sea below. It is surrounded by a low parapet of brick-work to protect the grave, and holds all that remains of a gay and gallant soldier. By his side lies buried Lieutenant Price of the 10th Regiment, and not far distant are the graves of Mould, M'Neil, Wright and Warner. The apple-trees on the side of this hill and all along the valley, were torn and shattered by the shot, and the ground was furrowed in several places by the cannon-balls of the enemy's battery. Here and

there a patch of fresh-turned earth marked the grave of friends and foes buried in an indiscriminate heap; and near one of the picquet-houses a bony hand projecting above the sod gave token of the hurry of the Carlists in interring their dead. All that they could collect previously to abandoning the last line, were hastily thrust into the ground, and but few remained to claim the rite of sepulture from their enemies.

On riding to the farthest outpost on the high-road, we found the Carlist picquet on a neighbouring hill about two hundred yards distant, and could distinguish the groupes of soldiers collected on the brow looking at us. An agreement had been entered into a day or two before by the hostile picquets, not to fire upon each other without previously giving notice; and the consequence had been a good deal of friendly communication between the two parties. My brother, who had a great desire to see a real Carlist, resolved to profit by the circumstance, and engaging a Chapelgorri who spoke French, to act as interpreter,

proceeded in advance of our barricade along the high-road, the Chapelgorri shouting out in Spanish and Basque that an English officer wished to speak with the Carlist commander of the post. My brother, who did not like the idea of falling victim to the Durango decree, replied that he was not an officer but a *comerciante*, the most respected non-military character in the Peninsula. They were answered by a few words in Basque from a Carlist officer, who presently crossed his own barricade and stalked slowly down the hill to meet them in the valley below. After politely taking off their hats to one another the parties conferred together for a short time, when two more were seen to descend, and I to equalize the balance of power dismounted, and with some difficulty getting over the barricade, assisted by some Spaniards who were looking on with great interest, hobbled along to join the groupe. On approaching them, I made my salam in the approved Spanish fashion, and after some further formalities, proceeded to address the officer who had first shown himself,

while my brother continued his conversation in French with the others. He was a tall, well-built man, with a dark olive soldier-like countenance, and wore the *zamarra* or black sheep-skin jacket of the peasantry, with a white bonnet like that of the Scotch, and a long Toledo sabre clattering at his heels in a sling-belt. I offered him a few cigars, which were accepted with thanks; and more by way of something to talk about than with any other motive, I began to make inquiries after Mr. Wilkinson, a quondam Ensign in the 1st Regiment, who had joined the Carlists when we were at Treviño, and was now holding a commission in their service. He replied that at that moment he was at Segura, some miles in the interior, and commanded a few British who had deserted from the Legion. He said that none of them had been engaged in any of the late actions, and that in fact they were of little use, as they did nothing but eat double rations and get drunk all day long. I was unwilling to make any allusion to the late action, and he for his part seemed in no haste

to touch upon the subject, but was very civil and polite, and taking me aside, whispered that if I wished to write to Mr. Wilkinson he would put the letter into the post without allowing it to be looked into, for, added he somewhat proudly and drawing himself up, "*amigos ó enemigos, somos todos hombres*"—"friends or foes, we are all men."

I perfectly agreed with the sentiment, but for all that was thinking I should not like to trust my throat in his hands, when two superior officers came down from the Carlist lines, and presently after, a party of five or six National Guards from our own, who stared at the Carlists as if astonished to find them gifted with two legs and arms a-piece like other men. The Carlists on their side dropped the conversation, and examined the new-comers with some curiosity. On one of the National Guards expressing his surprise at hearing them speak Basque, the *Capitan de cazadores* with whom I had spoken, exclaimed with a smile "*Somos de Guipuzcoa, hombre!*"—"we are Guipuzcoans, man!" The two su-

perior officers were very silent and distant in their manners, and appeared to look upon the proceedings with an evil eye, as if they suspected some mischief lurking at the bottom, although there could not be much cause of apprehension on their side as they all had their swords, whereas not one of our party was armed. Both of them wore the San Fernando ribbon round the neck, with a large steel or silver star apparently of some order; but their dress was similar to that of the others. One of them, a pale, elderly man, pitted with the small-pox, was pointed out to me by my Carlist friend as the second or junior commandant of the province of Guipuzcoa. They talked with the greatest gravity about this and the other regiment of "*el egercito*," as if there were no other regular army in Spain; and of course never spoke of Don Carlos but as "the King." I noticed this through letting slip the words "Don Carlos," when the Carlist officer interrupted me, and said in a good-humoured manner "*Nosotros le tratamos de Rey*"—"we style him king."

Being dressed in an infantry frock-coat, and with my arm in a sling, I was somewhat curious to observe how I should be looked upon with these tokens of having been in the action of the 5th of May. Nothing, however, was said by either party in reference to the subject; I perceived, nevertheless, that the Carlist officer remarked the San Fernando ribbon at my button, as in the course of the conversation he kept picking at it with his fingers in a familiar manner, but without asking any questions as to when or how it had been received.

Among the Carlists was a rather handsome young man who spoke French, and entered into conversation with my brother on divers indifferent topics. When the latter concluded by expressing his admiration of the beauty of the country, the young man smiled mournfully, and his eyes filled with emotion as he answered, "*Oui, c'est un beau pays en temps de paix—mais dans la guerre . . . . !*"

We continued conversing in this manner for some time between the two picquets, and the

groupe had gradually increased to about twenty or thirty of both parties, when a signal was made from the Carlist outpost as if some general was approaching to visit the lines, and the officers hastily bid "God save us," and took their departure, walking quickly towards their barricade while we ascended the hill to our own.

Not far from the spot was the house where most of the officers of the 9th were quartered during the time that the regiment was on outlying duty, and as I expected to leave for England in a day or two, I paid them a visit to take leave of my old friends. It was a large country farm, the very *beau idéal* of a picquet-house, surrounded by trees, and with a small green in front, on which I recognized my own company playing at skittles. Mounting the heavy wooden ladder that passed for a staircase, I found myself in a long room running from one side of the house to the other, and full of mattresses, and cloaks, and other signs of soldiers' habitation. In it were most of those with whom I had been intimate during

the campaign, and I sat for a long time talking over old affairs and laughing at old jokes, until my resolution began to waver considerably respecting my return to England.

Such cheer as the place afforded, ration bread and a jug of wine, was set before me, and for the first time since the action, I ventured to eat my fill with a *gusto* and satisfaction which those only who have recovered from a bed of sickness and self-imposed starvation, can imagine. My joy, however, was not a little mingled with sorrow at the idea that perhaps it might be the last time I should eat anything in a picquet-house—and how many a good and glorious meal have I not made in them, a pile of muskets under the window and the enemy's sentries within sight to give it the genuine relish of a campaign! Having eaten and drunken I rose to take my departure, and bidding farewell to friends in whose company I had passed nearly twelve happy months of my life, I left the house with the words of the Poet on my lips—

"For mony a night we've merry been,
And mony more we hope to be!"

Returning through the Plaza Vieja of San Sebastian, I viewed the three pieces of artillery taken from the Carlists on the 5th of May. One was an immense iron thirty-six pounder, mounted upon a clumsy carriage on which were daubed with tar or black paint, the letters C. V. The way in which this piece came into the possession of the Carlists is rather curious. Some time before the death of Ferdinand VII. a couple of thirty-six pounders were made by way of experiment with hammered iron, instead of being cast according to the usual method; but being found heavy and unmanageable, they were thrown aside and forgotten, until the Carlists marching through the town picked them up, and mounting them on the heavy wooden carriages, used them ever after on their grand occasions.

Of the two remaining pieces, one was a twenty-four and the other a sixteen-pounder. The former had a very venerable appearance, like those that are stuck into the ground in

arsenals and dock-yards to serve as posts; and as a considerable portion of the muzzle was broken off, leaving only the stump of a cannon, I feel little doubt that it was the *Aya* or "Grandmother" of Henningsen,* which in her old age had fallen into the hands of her enemies. However, we treated the old lady kindly in spite of her fidelity to Don Carlos, and I suppose by this time she is lodged in the Castle with the respect due to old age and misfortunes.

Having put up our horses, we walked into the Great Square or Plaza Nueva, where we found the battalion of British Marines lately arrived manœuvring before General Evans and Lord John Hay. They formed close column, deployed, formed square, and went through their evolutions with much precision, and were greatly admired by the Spaniards for

* See Captain Henningsen's "Campaign with Zumalacarregui," in which he makes mention of an old cannon that burst continually at the muzzle, and which on account of its antiquity was called by the Carlists the *Aya* or "Grandmother."

their good looks and the capital condition of their clothing and accoutrements. To be sure our jackets were not of so bright a scarlet, and here and there a man might be seen out at elbows; but for marching, fighting, singing, dancing, and all that goes under the denomination of the "rough and ready," I would back the Irish Brigade against them any day.

A day or two after, having obtained my leave, together with a passage home in the same vessel that had brought me out, my brother and I paid our respects to the Lieutenant-General, previous to our departure from Spain. He received us in the kindest manner, and inquired particularly after the state of my wounds. He regretted that the ball had not been extracted from my hip, but added that he had formerly received a shot in his arm, which had remained there ever since, but gave him no uneasiness. I took the liberty of relating to him our interview with the Carlists, at which he seemed much interested and surprised, but said that he thought they had some bad end in view, as they were not generally accustomed to be so

polite. I ventured to suggest that their late severe handling had taught them civility, at which the General smiled as if he thought it not improbable; and after some further conversation he shook us both by the hand, and we took our leave with fervent wishes on my part that he might "go on and prosper."

On the 23rd of May, 1836, everything being prepared and the steam "up," I embarked again on board the Royal Tar, and the vessel was on the point of leaving the harbour when a message arrived that H. M. steamer Phœnix had struck on a rock on the other side of the Castle-hill, in the mouth of the Urumea, whither she had proceeded a few minutes before with Lord John Hay and. Brigadier-General Reid, to bombard a small tower fortified by the Carlists. We immediately hastened to her assistance, and saw the Phœnix immoveable on the point of a hidden rock, throwing shells upon the cliff to hold the Carlists in check, who on their side had approached within what they considered musket shot, and were keeping up a straggling fire at those on

deck. One or two of their bullets flew near enough to be heard, but most of them dropped into the sea a few paces from us. A hawser having been carried from one vessel to the other, we took the Phœnix in tow, and after a little pulling she slid off the rock into deep water, and the two steamers returned into the bay. After taking in some additions to our water and provisions, the paddles were again set in motion, and bidding farewell to San Sebastian and the memorable heights that rose in clear outline against the sky, the vessel darted out of the harbour, and the lofty mountains of Spain melted in the distance till they were lost amid the gathering clouds of the evening and the foaming breakers of the sea.

With regard to the writer of this narrative, it may be said in conclusion that, although full of wishes for a speedy return to Spain, he found on his arrival in England that plans for his future life which had been commenced before leaving home, had been matured during his absence; and as it became plainer from day to

day that service in the Legion was no inheritance, he reluctantly consented to quit a force in which he had met with much kindness, and which, whatever may be its final fortunes, had in it at least all the elements which *deserve* success. That Spain may be free and happy — that she may pursue steadily the course of political regeneration, and be as she was of old when her commerce spread over the globe, and her enterprise discovered new worlds to conquer—is the prayer of one to whom it will ever be a subject of satisfaction, that he has fought in her fields and bled in her behalf.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

LIST OF OFFICERS DEAD OF TYPHUS, FROM THE 14th JANUARY TO 20th APRIL, 1836.

REGIMENTS.	RANK AND NAME.
1st Lancers.	Vet. Surg. Pedro de Campo.
2nd Lancers.	Major G. Younghusband.
	Cornet Lynch.
1st Regt. Infantry.	Captain Cadogan.
	Captain Montgomery.
	Lieutenant Codd.
	Ensign Hogg.
2nd Regiment.	Captain Leake.
	Ensign Nash.
3rd Regiment.	Lieut.-Col. Renwick (Dépôt, Santander.)

REGIMENTS.	RANK AND NAME.
3rd Regiment.	Major Edwards.
	Major King.
	2nd Lieutenant Sparrow.
	2nd Lieutenant Blackwater.
	2nd Lieutenant Rawstone.
	Quarter-Master Rogers.
4th Regiment.	(None.)
5th Regiment.	Captain Haveloch.
	Captain Pilford.
6th Regiment.	Lieutenant Gordon.
	2nd Lieutenant Widowson.
	Quarter-Master Swanson.
7th Regiment.	(None.)
8th Regiment.	Captain Oakley.
	Ensign Leake.
	Ensign Brown.
9th Regiment.	Captain Bluett.
	Lieutenant Cooper.
	Surgeon Newell.
	Surgeon Williams.
10th Regiment.	Captain Francks.
	Adjutant Burrows.
	Surgeon Grove.
	Pay-Master Dunne.
Rifle Corps.	Captain Cotter.
	Captain White.
Artillery.	Lieut. and Adjt. Whitehead.
	Assistant Surgeon Salmon.

REGIMENTS.	RANK AND NAME.
Medical Staff.	Deputy Purveyor Lathey.
	Deputy Purveyor Thorne.
	Assistant Surgeon Plank.
	Assistant Surgeon Skurry.
	Assistant Surgeon Lewis.
	Assistant Surgeon Grundy.
	Assistant Surgeon Ibbotson.
Commissariat.	Dep. Asst. Com. Gen. Pococke.
	Dep. Asst. Com. Gen. Archer.
	Dep. Prov. Marshall Ensign O'Connell.

(Signed) WILLIAM CONSIDINE.
Colonel, Mil. Sec.

N.B. Major Dundas, of the 7th Regiment, died December 24th, 1835.

LIST OF OFFICERS KILLED, WOUNDED, AND SINCE DEAD OF THEIR WOUNDS, IN THE ACTION OF THE 5th OF MAY, 1836.

LIGHT BRIGADE.

RIFLE CORPS.

KILLED.	WOUNDED.
Captain O'Reilly.	Maj. Fortescue, slightly.
	Capt. Costello, severely.

KILLED.	WOUNDED.
	Capt. Atkyns, severely.
	Capt. Durie, slightly.
	Lieut. Jeffreys, severely.
	Lieut. Durie, slightly.
	2nd Lieut. Barker, severely
	2nd Lieut. Hanbury, do.

3rd REGIMENT.

	Maj. Campbell, slightly.
	Capt. & Adjt. Keevil, do.
	Lieut. Chadwicke, severely.
	Lieut. Coyle, slightly.
	Lieut. Jackson, do.
	2nd Lieut. Chadwicke, severely (since dead).
	2nd Lieut. Brockwell slightly.
	2nd Lieut. Macintosh, do.
	Volunteer O'Brien, severely.

6th REGIMENT.

Captain M'Neil, (returned wounded).	Col. Tupper, dangerously (since dead).
Lieut. Balfour.	Capt. Richardson, slightly.
	Capt. Wood, severely.
	Lieut. Carnaby, do.

KILLED.	WOUNDED.
	Lieut. M'Donald, severely.
	Lieut. Mackellar, do.
	Lieut. Storey, do.

FIRST BRIGADE.

1st Regiment.

Capt. Scarman.	Maj. Hicks, severely.
Lieut. Cooper.	Capt. Talbot, slightly.
	Capt. De Koven, do.
	Capt. Noble, do.
	Capt. Townley, severely.

4th Regiment.

Capt. and Adjt. Allez.	Capt. Ramsay, slightly.
	Lieut. Kemp, do.

8th Regiment.

	Maj. Mitchell, dangerously (since dead).
	Brevet Maj. Hogg, slightly.
	Capt. Shields, severely.
	Capt. Larkham, slightly.

SECOND BRIGADE (IRISH).

7th Regiment.

Quarter-Master Warner.	Lieut. Col. Swan, severely.
	Maj. Beckham, slightly.
	Maj. M'Cabe, severely.

KILLED.	WOUNDED.
	Capt. Wilson, severely.
	Capt. Hagerty, slightly.
	Lieut. Gray, do.
	Lieut. Phelan, severely.
	Ensign Armstrong, do.
	Ensign Mahon, do.

9th REGIMENT.

Quarter-Master Wright.	Maj. Cannan, severely.
	Capt. Mackie, dangerously, (since dead).
	Capt. C. W. Thompson, severely.
	Lieut. Holmes, do.
	Lieut. P. H. Stack, do. (returned slightly).
	Lieut. Thornton, do.
	Ensign Sparrow, do.
	Ensign Wood, do.
	Ensign Bezant, do.
	Ensign Byrne, dangerously.
	Ensign Campbell, slightly.

10th REGIMENT.

Capt. P. N. Mould.	Maj. Shaw, slightly.
	Capt. Fitzgerald, severely.

KILLED.	WOUNDED.
	Capt. Count de Kalling, severely.
	Capt. Park, do.
	Lieut. and Adjt. Wright, slightly.
	Lieut. Price, dangerously (since dead).
	Lieut. Joyce, slightly.

STAFF.

Capt. Knight, A.D.C. to Gen. Chichester.	Brigadier General Reid, slightly.
	Brig. General Shaw, do.
	Col. Considine, severely.
	Col. Lord Wm. Paget, A.D.C. to the Lieut. General, slightly.
	Lieut. Col. Don. Fernando Cottoner, A.D.C. to the Lieut.-General, severely.
	Capt. Woolridge, slightly.
	Asst. Insp. Gen. of Hospitals, Rutherford Alcock, slightly.

GENERAL ORDERS.

Head Quarters,
San Sebastian, May, 1836.

THE time requisite for obtaining Reports from the Commanders of Brigades and Regiments, enumerating the Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men who more particularly distinguished themselves in the glorious action of the 5th instant, and the necessity of classifying the names of those so reported, has obliged the Lieutenant-General to postpone till the present moment, the duty so grateful to his feelings of expressing to the troops his deep sense of obligation for their noble and admirable conduct on that day.

The enemy's defences, after five months of preparation, had become a species of fortress, secured on either flank by a river and a morass, and defended by what may be termed a garrison of 3,000 men.

Before day-light our three columns of Spanish and British troops, under Brigadier-Generals Chichester, Reid, and Shaw, ascended, attacked, and carried in the most prompt and excellent manner, the enemy's first line of entrenchments. A series of barricades, some deep ravines, and for the moment unsurmount-

able obstacles, presented themselves to oppose any farther immediate progress against the enemy's centre and right. What we gained, however, in that quarter was firmly maintained till the proper moment arrived for a farther advance.

In the meantime the 1st and 2nd Brigades and the Spanish Corps attached to them, still pressing forward, carried in a brilliant style that part of the second line in their front where the 7th, 9th, and 10th Regiments established themselves, although continually exposed to a very heavy cross fire.

The whole of the 1st Regiment, with some detachments from the 7th, 8th, 10th, and Segovia Regiments, continuing in the same direction their triumphant career, soon lodged themselves, notwithstanding all the difficulties of the ground, close under the enemy's third and last line of defence, the redoubt or battery of Lugariz. From this point some heroic attempts were made to climb over the enemy's parapets on the summit, led by Colonel Ellis, accompanied by Majors Freestun, Hicks, Thomson, Captain Scarman, and other officers. These efforts, which were for a time ineffectual, owing to the steepness of the ascent, but still more to the extreme fatigue and exhaustion of the troops from previous exertion, redounded in the highest degree to the honour of those engaged in them. One of the chivalrous onsets referred to was headed by Captain Knight, Aide-de-Camp to General

Chichester, a gallant officer, who never went into action without achieving distinction, and whose loss is a source of the utmost regret to the Lieutenant-General and his companions in arms.

At length the admirably directed fire of H. B. M. Ships under Commodore Lord John Hay, and especially the Phœnix, Captain Henderson, destroyed a part of the enemy's defences. The 4th and 8th Regiments of the Legion, under Lieutenant-Colonels Harley and Godfrey, just embarked from H. M. Ships, now mounted to the assault through the breach thus made, and with the most cool and splendid intrepidity, without firing a shot, rendered themselves masters of this long-contested point.

At the same moment the Zaragoza and Oviedo Regiments, the distinguished Volunteers of Guipuzcoa, the mobilized company of National Guards, the 3rd, 6th, and Rifles of the Legion penetrated the centre, carrying in rapid succession several fortified houses, and capturing the enemy's cannon in that part of the line. At this point, the Rebel Standard, erected in the centre of their works, indicating their intention of giving no quarter, became the prize of the Westminster Grenadiers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Churchill. Here also fell, mortally wounded, the Rebel Chief Segastibelza. On the other hand, it was in this last charge that Colonel Tupper received his wounds. He was leading on his men with that daring ardour, which

those who knew him can conceive. He met the fate of a brave soldier,—and his honoured remains now rest beneath the spot ennobled by his fall.

The victory was gained—the enemy fled utterly routed in all directions. The first proper fruit of this memorable action was the destruction of the enemy's works erected against this interesting town, and of placing it and its important bay in a state of permanent security. This preliminary is now nearly accomplished, and shortly the Lieutenant-General has no doubt but that farther successes await the troops.

The Lieutenant-General has now but to endeavour to express his sense, though inadequately, of the merits of those whose conduct shone most conspicuously on the occasion. For himself he claims nothing but that of having had the honour of being the senior officer present. It was an affair of straightforward fighting, and the end was distinctly gained by the intrinsic valour of all ranks, officers and men, Spaniards as well as British.

The extensive experience, superior ability, and unbounded zeal of Brigadier-Generals M'Dougall and Reid, are so fully known and appreciated, not only in this corps, but in the British Army, that the Lieutenant-General need only say that to their advice and assistance on every occasion, and to their indefatigable exertions in forwarding the executive

parts of the service, he is more indebted than it is possible for him to describe.

To Brigadier-Generals Chichester and Shaw, for their constancy, decided practical skill, courage, and rare example in directing throughout the day the 1st and 2nd Brigades under their command, the Lieutenant-General will ever feel the deepest sense of gratitude. The prominent and conspicuous claims of these four officers in particular to a high and honourable consideration for their great share in the issue of this hard-fought contest, are submitted to the Government, and will not be unattended to.

To the Governor of San Sebastian, Don Ramon Rebollo—to Colonel Don Joaquin Maria Belloso, commanding the Oviedo Regiment, and for a time succeeding to the command of the Light Brigade—Colonels Don Tebuccio Saragoça of the Zaragoza Regiment—Don Cayetano Mellendez, of the Segovia Regiment—Don Manuel Estremera, of the Jaen Regiment—Don Fernando Cottoner, commanding the Volunteers of Guipuzcoa—Don Baltasar Balarino, commanding H. C. M. Marine Forces—Lieutenant-Colonel Don Manuel Menendez, of the Segovia Regiment—Captain, the Baron Purgoldt, of the San Fernando Regiment—and Lieutenants Don José Calisto Serrano, of the Carabineros of the Real Hacienda, and Don Luiz Gautier,

of the Royal Engineers—to Colonel Colquhoun, whose well-known ability and energy in command of the Artillery were of the greatest service, and to the following officers commanding regiments of the Legion, Lieutenant-Colonels Ellis, Churchill, Harley, Ross, Swan, Godfrey, Fitzgerald, and Fortescue, the very best and highest acknowledgments are due. In this list of brave and excellent chiefs it would indeed be difficult and invidious to make any selection. To the officers of the General and Personal Staff; the Quarter-master General, Brigadier-General M'Dougall; the Adjutant-General, Brigadier-General Le Marchant; to the Military Secretary, Colonel Considine, Colonel Lord William Paget, Lieutenant-Colonels Cottoner and Lezama, Majors Escudero, Herman and Shelly, and Lieutenant Don Ignacio Gurrea—the three first-named of my Aides-de-Camp having been wounded—and to all of whom for their devoted zeal and remarkable efficiency, he offers his sincerest thanks—and he has only again to reiterate to the whole of the troops, officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers of both nations, this heartfelt testimony of their conduct.

In the brief and hurried despatch which the Lieutenant-General transmitted to Government at the close of the action, pressed for time, and nearly overwhelmed with fatigue, he felt unable to enumerate at the moment more than a very few indeed of the names of those who had distinguished them-

selves, and he therefore thought it more just not to do this partially, but to embody the whole as he now does in one record, which will be transmitted to the General-in-Chief and the Minister at War.

The whole of those named in this order as follows, receive the decoration of military merit of St. Ferdinand, and the non-commissioned officers and privates, for their conduct also in the field of battle according to the recommendations sent in, receive the decoration of Isabel the Second, with the exception of the following recommended for the 2nd and 3rd classes, which it is not in the power of the Lieutenant-General to confer.

THIRD CLASS OF ST. FERDINAND.

Brig.-Gen. M'Dougall, Quarter-Master-General.
" Charles Chichester, commanding 1st Brigade.
" William Reid, commanding Lt. Brigade.
" John Gaspard Le Marchant, Adjt.-General.
" Charles Shaw, commanding 2nd Brigade.

SECOND CLASS OF ST. FERDINAND.

Col. Ramon Rebollo, commanding the San Fernando Regiment, and Governor of San Sebastian.
" J. M. Belloso, Oviedo Regiment.
" Tebuccio Saragoça, Zaragoza Regiment.
" Baltasar Balarino, Chief of Spanish Marine.
" J. N. Colquhoun, commanding the Artillery.
" W. Considine, Military Secretary.
" Lord W. Paget, Aide-de-Camp to the Lieut.-General.
Capt. Henderson, commanding H. B. M. S. Phœnix.

Lieut.-Col. Fernando Cottoner, Volunteers of Guipuzcoa.
" Charles Lionel Fitzgerald, 9th Regt. B.A. Legion.
" George C. Swan, 7th Regt. do.
" Edward Lee Godfrey, 8th Regt. do.
" Morgan C. O'Connell, 10th Regt. do.
" C. H. Churchill, 3rd Regt. do.
" W. Ellis, 1st Regt. do.
" P. Harley, 4th Regt. do.

FIRST CLASS OF ST. FERDINAND.

Lieut. W. Duffill, commanding H. B. M. S. Salamander.
" Gordon, H. B. M. S. Phœnix.
Col. La Saussaye, attached to the Quarter-Master-General's Department of the British Legion.
" Don Benito Lerzundi, Teniente Rey of San Sebastian.

VOLUNTEERS OF GUIPUZCOA.
Capt. Don. Felix Zuasnabal.
" Don Joaquin Xavier Echagüe.
" Don Antonio Campillo.
" Don Juan Ignacio Noain.
" Don Juan Crosat.
Lieut. Don Juan Cruz Ascasibar.
" Don Ramon Yñürritegui.
" Don José Perez.
" Don Manuel Ordonez.
" Don Ignacio Artold.
" Don Juan Nieves, Adjutant.
Ensign Don Ignacio Sanz, Quarter-Master.
Serjeant-Major Francisco Lazaeta.

Capt. Don Francisco Ramon Brunet, National Guards.
Lieut. Don Manuel Rubio, Zaragoza Regiment.
" Don Juan Sala, do.

Ensign Don Xavier Zuares Prada, do.
" Don José Garcia Jove, Oviedo Regiment.
" Don José Gonzalez y Llano, do.
Capt. Don Luiz Lemmis, Segovia Regiment.
" Don Alfonso Saavedra, do.
Lieut. Don Juan Moreno y Manso, do.
Major Don Tomas de la Puente, Jaen Regiment.
Capt. Don José Estremera, do.
" Don Salvador La Linda, do.
Lieut. Don Manuel Ojeda, do.
" Don Luiz Gautier, Engineers.

Colonel Alexander Arbuthnott, commanding Dépôt at Santander.

Lieut.-Col.	C. Mellendez,	Segovia Regiment.
"	M. Estremera,	Jaen Regiment.
"	Alexander Cruise,	9th Regiment, Staff.
"	Mal. Ross,	6th "
"	M. Fortescue,	Rifles.
"	J. Thomson,	1st Regiment.
"	J. Hicks,	1st "
"	W. A. Campbell,	3rd "
"	R. Cannan,	9th "
"	S. Shaw,	10th "
"	B. Mitchell,	8th "
"	V. Lezama,	7th "
"	A. Losack,	4th "
"	G. M'Cabe,	7th "
"	A. Jochmus,	S. Assist. Quarter-Master-Gen.
"	M. Menendez,	Oviedo Regiment.

Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals, Rutherford Alcock.

Major	J. O'Neale,	6th Regiment, Staff.
"	J. W. Woolridge,	4th " "
"	J. P. Meade,	10th Regiment.
"	G. Hogg,	8th "
"	James Cotter,	9th "
"	C. Boyd,	Rifles.
"	P. Fitzgerald,	3rd Regiment.
"	F. Clarke,	6th "
"	M. Newcombe,	Rifles.
"	P. Ramsay,	4th Regiment.
"	W. Shields,	8th "
"	J. M'Knight	8th "
"	G. Talbot,	1st "
"	Edgar Beckham,	1st "
"	K. A. De Koven,	1st "
"	W. L. Freestun,	3rd "
"	Don Raphael Escudero, Aide-de-Camp to Lieut.-Gen.	
"	G. F. Herman, Rifles. Staff.	
"	Don Ricardo Shelly, Aide-de-Camp to Lieut.-Gen.	
"	P. Thoreau,	Artillery.
"	A. M'Duff,	Spanish Marines.
"	R. Keevil,	3rd Regiment.
"	R. Hamilton,	7th "
Captain	J. Edge,	7th "
"	W. H. Fitzgerald,	10th "
"	E. Park,	10th "
"	C. W. Thompson,	9th "
"	F. B. Street,	9th "
"	Andrew Mackie,	9th "
"	T. Shephard,	9th "
"	C. Galway,	10th "

Captain Count De Kalling, 10th "
" M. Rigg, 3rd "
" J. Shaw, 6th "
" C. Wood, 6th "
" E. Costello, Rifles.
" R. Atkyns, do.
" J. Jeffries, do.
" Baron de Purgoldt, Spanish Army, attached to Light Brigade
" P. Allez, 9th Regiment.
" J. M'Intosh, Aide-de-Camp, Rifles.
" J. H. Rogers, 7th Regiment
" J. Hagerty, 7th "
" H. T. Brown, Rifles.
" J. Richardson, 6th Regiment.
" W. H. Carnaby, 6th "
" P. M'Kellar, 6th "
" A. M'Donald, 6th "
Lieut. Don Ignacio Gurrea, A.D.C. to Lieut.-Gen.
" Don Alberto Gogorza, Adjt. National Guard of San Sebastian.
" C. Townly, 1st Regiment.
" M. Ximines, do. "
" W. Carey, 6th "
" E. de Burgh, Rifles.
" John Courtney, do.
" Don José Calisto Serrano, attached to Light Brigade.
" W. Phelan 7th Regiment.
" Alex. Duncan, 7th "
" J. H. Hamilton, Artillery.
" J. J. Sparrow, 9th Regiment.
" R. Wright, 10th "
" J. O'Connor, 9th "
" E. O. Jones, 4th "

Lieut.	A. Landers,	7th	"
"	C. W. Fiske,	8th	"
"	W. Storey,	6th	"
"	Darcy Mahon,	7th	"
Cornet	Partington,	1st Lancers.	
2nd Lieut.	Courtney Chadwicke,	3rd Regiment.	
"	James M'Intosh,	3rd	"
Ensign	F. C. Byrne,	9th	"
"	H. O'Donnell,	10th	"
"	Luke Dillon,	9th	"
"	W. Muttlebury,	9th	"

Among the non-commissioned officers, the Cross of Isabel the Second was conferred on Serjeant Mark Smith, of the British Marine Artillery, and Serjeant Hyde, 1st Lancers, Orderly Serjeant to the Lieutenant-General.

COUNT HARISPE'S LETTER TO GENERAL EVANS.

Head Quarters, Bayonne, 7th May.

M. LE GÉNÉRAL.—I have the honour to transmit to you the annexed despatch, which his Excellency, the Spanish Ambassador, has sent under cover to me.

I hasten to avail myself of this opportunity of congratulating you on the action which you have just conducted under the walls of San Sebastian. I

have known, for a long time, the positions which you have carried. I was also made acquainted almost day by day with the preparations for the defence; I have, therefore, been enabled to appreciate all the difficulties which your brave troops have had to surmount. Whatever losses you may have experienced, the results of this combat do the highest honour to the British soldiers, and above all to their officers, who have given such brilliant proofs of devotedness and intrepidity.

It is my duty to tell you, M. le Général, that in every quarter the news of this affair has excited the most lively sentiments of sympathy. For my own part, I associate myself with all my heart to these testimonials of interest; and I can assure you that no person will be more delighted than myself—an old General of the Empire—at the triumphs gained by the arms of his Britannic Majesty.

Receive, General, the assurance of my high consideration.

(Signed) COUNT DE HARISPE.

Lieutenant-General and Peer of France.

P.S. If I can be of any use to you, do me the favour to command me.

To General Evans, San Sebastian.

GENERAL EVANS TO COUNT HARISPE.

Ayetta, May 11, 1836.

M. LE COMTE.—I never received a letter more grateful or more flattering to my feelings than the one which you have had the kindness to do me the honour of writing. I have taken the liberty of showing it to some of my superior officers, who are equally delighted with myself to find that we are deemed to have merited such obliging expressions from so high a professional authority, and one so fully acquainted with the facts.

With the momentary interruption of a sortie some months since, the insurgents had been diligently and energetically engaged from the beginning of December to the 5th instant in fortifying these lines. Till my arrival here, I was totally unaware of the strength to which they had brought them. In fact, considering them in conjunction with their adaption to the very peculiar features of the position, and added to the nearly impracticable ascents, from the steep and swampy nature of the soil, they were the most awkward field defences to attack that it has fallen to my lot to observe. But they were not sufficient to resist the undaunted constancy and determination of the troops, Spanish and English, by whom they were carried.

You mention the satisfaction the successful efforts of the forces of his Britannic Majesty afford you, and the lively sensibility with which that feeling has been participated on the recent occasion in your part of the country. In return, it will not be displeasing to you to know of the total disappearance in England of those foolish and mischievous prejudices which were wont in ancient times to divide the two most enlightened and powerful nations; and that the firm alliance now so happily subsisting between our respective sovereigns, is universally popular among us. For myself, I venture to consider this alliance as one of the most propitious events of modern times, the undoubted proof of advancing civilization, the best guarantee of the well-being of other states—and it is pleasing to think that even in her personal attributes, Her Majesty the Queen Governess of this country, is in all respects completely worthy of her illustrious and powerful allies.

Again, my Lord, I am desirous of offering my thanks for the generous and spontaneous favourable opinion you have passed upon the officers and soldiers engaged on the late occasion; assuring you, also, that there is no approval whatever my comrades or myself, as soldiers, can set a higher value on than that of a veteran general so distinguished among the heroic chiefs of the French Empire.

I am aware that you have probably only intended your letter as an expression of your individual sen-

timents on a military action calculated to promote the cause in which you feel a sympathy, and I have perhaps to ask your pardon if I have endeavoured to convert this politeness into a means of additionally promoting, as far as in my humble power, the continued identity in policy and cordiality of reciprocal regard of our countries.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

(Signed) DE LACY EVANS.

To General Count de Harispe, Peer of France.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM COMMODORE LORD JOHN HAY, OF HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP CASTOR, TO CHARLES WOOD, ESQ., DATED SAN SEBASTIAN, MAY 5, 1836.

His Majesty's Steam Ship Phœnix,
San Sebastian, May 5, 1836.

Sir,

I HAVE the honour to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that at day-light this morning Her Catholic Majesty's Forces, consisting of the British Legion and about Fifteen Hundred Spanish Troops, in all

Six Thousand, under the command of Lieutenant-General D. L. Evans, moved out of this Garrison for the purpose of attacking the Insurgents in their intrenched positions.

I conceive their Lordships will not expect from me a detailed account of the various movements of Her Catholic Majesty's Troops during these operations, the particulars of which are at this moment only imperfectly known to me.

I cannot resist, however, stating the proud gratification I experienced in witnessing the gallantry displayed by the British Legion on this occasion; the intrenched positions of the Insurgents appeared impregnable, but one after the other were stormed by these brave men in a manner that created one universal feeling of admiration.

It is impossible to report with any accuracy the amount of killed and wounded; but from the most accurate accounts I can obtain at present, it is from Five to Six Hundred, and a very large proportion of the superior and other Officers wounded.

The Insurgents' loss must have been considerable; four pieces of artillery and a stand of colours were taken from the Insurgents.

His Majesty's Steam Vessels Phœnix and Salamander were enabled to render Her Catholic Majesty's Forces most essential service. The precision with which the Phœnix directed her fire on the Insurgents' lines destroyed one angle of their prin-

cipal redoubt, which enabled two Regiments of the British Legion to enter.

I have the honour, &c.

(Signed) JOHN HAY,
Commodore.

Charles Wood, Esquire,
Secretary, Admiralty.

ADDRESS OF THE DEPUTATION OF THE PROVINCE OF GUIPUZCOA TO GENERAL EVANS.

MOST EXCELLENT SIR.—The Deputation of the Most Noble and Most Loyal province of Guipuzcoa, who having been eye-witnesses of the victory achieved by your Excellency and the troops under your distinguished command on the morning of the 5th instant, in the immediate neighbourhood of this city, hastened to express to your Excellency their most lively satisfaction, and to offer their congratulations on so important an event, by a Commission of some of their members, cannot do less also than by means of this Despatch to convey to you the tribute of their admiration and gratitude. In fact, how could they refrain from doing so when your Excellency and the brave troops under your

command have carried so many and such formidable breastworks, trenches, and every species of fortified batteries constructed by the enemy during the course of several months past, and defended by a formidable line of musketry and five or six pieces of heavy artillery? Nevertheless, nothing could arrest the advance of your Excellency and of your brave troops, who in spite of the murderous and well-sustained fire of the enemy and of his vigorous resistance, took all his positions, and the artillery by which they were defended.

The 5th was a glorious day for the British Legion and the Spanish troops under your Excellency's command, one of heartfelt satisfaction to this Deputation, and one on which a terrible lesson was given to the rebels who have taken up arms against the legitimate throne of our Queen and the liberties of our country. The repeated assaults of the enemy's line must have occasioned you a severe loss, and this Deputation associate themselves with the feelings of deep regret which the loss of so many brave men must have caused you; and will ever entertain a feeling of grateful recollection and gratitude towards those generous allies who risk their repose and lives to restore tranquillity to a land so long afflicted by civil discord.

Allow us, therefore, to convey to your Excellency and the Legion under your command, the expression of the feelings of this Provincial Corporation,

and of their distinguished consideration. And may God preserve your Excellency many years.

Signed by the President of the Deputation,

JUAN BAPTISTA DE ARRIZABALAYA.

ADDRESS OF THANKS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD OF SAN SEBASTIAN TO THE BRITISH LEGION.

THE battalion of National Guards of San Sebastian, and the companies of other towns taking refuge and incorporated with it, feel it a duty thus solemnly to mark their gratitude and admiration of the conduct and the sacrifices of the British Legion on the 5th inst. before this place. The object of the National Guard being to offer a well-merited tribute to this Legion, they abstain from speaking of the part borne on that day by the Spanish troops forming a part of this garrison, and they themselves, acting under a similar impulse, will, we doubt not, see the propriety of our only speaking of their auxiliaries. Their illustrious General, De Lacy Evans, knows the merit evinced by the Spaniards, and we rest with confidence on his justice. At half-past three in the morning the combined force left this place in three divisions, centre, right, and left, under the immediate command of three English Brigadier-

Generals, with a previous order from the General not to fire a shot until they were in possession of the enemy's first lines, which was effected with much courage, and with small loss on our part. The second lines were formed in three most important positions, nearly equi-distant, covering all the front of the first, and there the enemy concentrated all his force, it being easily perceived that he had several pieces of artillery very well placed, making a whole plan of defence arranged with much intelligence and well protected, and thus offering a most formidable line of defence. To these obstacles another was to be added, that of the heavy rains which had for some days preceded, and continued at the attack, rendering the ground nearly impassable. Such a combination of unfavourable circumstances was enough to make the bravest hesitate, but the gallant general-in-chief, De Lacy Evans, with that valour and calmness which distinguishes the sons of the great British nation, said, "It is necessary to overcome all difficulties, and possess the positions before us." Nor could the obstinate defence of the enemy, availing himself of his powerful position during full four hours, change this resolution; and all the different bodies, having at their head their respective chiefs and officers, threw themselves forward at the point of the bayonet, and with an intrepidity impossible to describe, on the enemy, and dislodged them with great loss. The opportune arrival in

this bay of two English steamers of war, under the command of Lord John Hay, with upwards of 1,000 men of the Legion, who immediately landed and flew to the support of their brethren, and the fire of balls and grenades made by the Phœnix, one of the steamers, on the enemy's most important position, with the precision belonging to the English naval artillery, produced great influence on the result of the action. It has been glorious in all the extent of the term, and will everywhere find an echo. The auxiliaries have shown themselves, as they always do, a portion of that enviable nation whose sons are the most honourable and the bravest in the world. The loss of these valiant men is as afflicting as our gratitude shall be eternal. How subdue in our breast the effusion of our gratitude at the sight, in our city, of the trophies of this victory,—part of that artillery with which the rebels threatened us with destruction? The rebels, informed of this success, and struck down by the extraordinary valour of the auxiliaries, will tremble at the idea of measuring their forces in time to come. Here we have a proof of the result which might be contemplated if this Legion counted 10,000 men directed by a general so distinguished, and by such chiefs and officers. There can be no doubt that their efforts must powerfully contribute to decide this disastrous warfare, to consolidate the throne of Isabel II., and affirm our national liberty. These are the sincere

sentiments of the National Guard of San Sebastian, who would not feel their minds tranquillised if they neglected this manifestation in honour of their well-deserving allies.

The Commandant, JOAQUIN DE SAGASTE.

San Sebastian, May 7.

EXTRACT FROM THE GENERAL ORDERS OF 5TH JUNE.

San Sebastian, June 5th, 1836.

THE Lieutenant-General has the pleasure to inform the Spanish and British troops of all ranks, comprising the corps of the army which he has the honour to command, that it is the gracious intention of Her Majesty the Queen Governess to confer a Cross or Medal on all those engaged with the enemy on the 5th of May, in commemoration of the victory so nobly achieved by them on that day.

By command,

(Signed) J. G. LE MARCHANT, Adjt. Gen.

FINIS.

THOMAS CURSON HANSARD, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

ERRATA.

Page 8, Line 7, *for* 'picket,' *read* 'picquet.'
— 27, — 7, *for* 'idolotradá,' *read* 'idolatradá.'
— 49, — 23, *for* 'Bilboa,' *read* 'Bilbao.'
— — — 24, *for* 'or the,' *read* 'of the.'
— 133, — 19, *for* 'piquet,' *read* 'picquet.'


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